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War on the Brains Trust

By Ernest K. Lindley

Much talked about, little known about, the Brains Trust has been the point of attack of conservatives and all who are suspicious of the New Deal. Here for the first time is told the real story of the origin of the Brains Trust and what has happened to it.

Raymond Moley's resignation in August as Assistant Secretary of State provoked speculative furore of an intensity which hitherto has been reserved for such notable disruptions as William Jennings Bryan's retirement from President Wilson's cabinet. Conservatives of various stripes gleefully proclaimed the disintegration of the celebrated brains trust and hopefully forecast a retreat from the innovations of the New Deal toward the traditional thought of the Democratic Party. Liberals tried to reassure themselves that Mr. Moley's resignation portended no change in the major trends of President Roosevelt's policies. In the excitement one significant occurrence was generally overlooked. The day before Mr. Moley's resignation was announced, Mr. Roosevelt made a speech in Poughkeepsie, and in that speech he emphasized that the major objectives of the experimental ventures of the New Deal are the permanent objectives of his administration.

No aspect of the New Deal has been subjected to hotter attack and defense than the brains trust. As hammer blows rained on the old regime, conservatives in Congress and the press railed against "theorists" in government and professional advisers. That was politer and safer than railing against an extremely popular President, and it was undoubtedly true that college professors and other intellectuals were taking an important part in the drafting and directing of most of the revolutionary undertakings of the new regime. The renown of the brains trust and of Moley, Tugwell, and Berle, spread around the world. Newspaper correspondents began to examine sedulously each new arrival in Washington to discover if he had ever taught in a university, possessed a Ph.D. degree, or, by aptitude for making charts or writing treatises, could qualify as a person of unusual academic attainment. Within a few weeks they had rounded up thirty or more persons who had one or more of the proper credentials. But they could never agree on which of them really belonged in the brains trust. Some preferred to include only those who had taught in universities. Some preferred to include only the men who saw Mr. Roosevelt frequently, which greatly shortened the list. Others preferred to list all economists. Still others preferred to make youth the test. Some discriminatingly limited the brains trust to the key people of marked intellectual capacity and advanced social point of view, a procedure which enabled them to include a few members of the cabinet. All of this hubbub and the position of Professor Moley as one of Mr. Roosevelt's chief advisers and lieutenants undoubtedly created the picture of a government run by college professors and economists. To conservatives and

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liberals alike the brains trust became the symbol of the economic philosophy embodied in the experiments of the New Deal.

As a matter of fact, by the time the brains trust received wide publicity it had ceased to exist as an institution. Mr. Roosevelt has always obtained the advice of a great many types of individuals. Though some were slow to believe it, he had developed the fundamental attitude behind the American experiment long before he met the first member of the group that came to be known as the brains trust, and he is immovably addicted to making his own decisions.

There is no novelty in the employment of college professors for expert services. Many of our better governors and mayors have used them. The late National Electric Light Association found them useful in educating the public, through school children and the press, to the magnanimity and essential virtue of the electrical utilities. And it found no dearth of professors willing to serve on the financial terms offered. Other trade associations, industries, and subsidized survey groups have employed academic talent with profit to all concerned. President Hoover used college professors on many of his commissions and appointed a university president to his cabinet. The advice of such economists as Walter W. Stewart of Amherst, O. W. M. Sprague of Harvard, and Edwin Kemmerer of Princeton has been sought by foreign governments and central banks. Although a college professorship has not been the usual route to public life in this country, we have had the academic world represented in elective offices by such men as President Woodrow Wilson, Governors Wilbur L. Cross and John G. Pollard, and Senators Hiram Bingham and Simeon D. Fess.

As Governor of New York, Mr. Roosevelt drew heavily on the academic talent of Columbia, Syracuse, and Cornell Universities for assistance in the formulation of such varied programs as public-utility regulation, development of the water power of the St. Lawrence River, relief of agriculture, reforestation and better land utilization, revision of the tax system, simplification of the administration of justice, public health, penal reform, old-age insurance, and unemployment relief. He valued highly the disinterestedness and thoroughness of experts from the universities. He wanted what he liked to call "complete pictures." If politics or practical administration required modifications, he could make them himself. On the whole, however, his administration was notable for the frequency with which he took an experts' plan for a particular purpose and fought for it. Yet no one heard of a brains trust.

The little group that came to be labelled the brains trust was formed very early in 1932 when Mr. Roosevelt began to need data on national problems for his presidential campaign. Louis McHenry Howe, who liked to take a hand in the preparation of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches on national subjects, was completely engrossed in getting Mr. Roosevelt nominated. Samuel I. Rosenman, counsel to the Governor, was Mr. Roosevelt's chief assistant in the preparation of speeches and messages on state problems. Rosenman had no more than an intelligent layman's knowledge of national problems and his ambition lay toward the State bench rather than toward Washington. He suggested to Mr. Roosevelt that a competent man be selected to take full charge of gathering and assimilating material for Mr. Roosevelt's campaign. With Mr. Roosevelt's assent, he asked Raymond Moley, Professor of Public Law at Columbia, to undertake the job. Rosenman explained later that Moley was the only one of the few college professors he knew who struck him as having a level head.

Professor Moley met with Mr. Rosenman and Basil O'Connor, Mr. Roosevelt's former law partner, who had made himself a general handyman, and they drew a tentative list of topics on which data were needed. He then began scouting among his friends at Columbia University to find willing and qualified assistants. To the next meeting he brought his next-door neighbor, Rexford G. Tugwell, professor of economics at Columbia. He then introduced Frederic Mills, also a professor of economics at Columbia. Mills soon dropped out. His view on currency inflation did not conform to the program Mr. Roosevelt had in mind. For both political and economic reasons Mr. Roosevelt intended not to advocate tinkering with the money system. He had already had close contacts with the Cornell group of commodity dollar enthusiasts: George F. Warren, Frank A. Pearson, and William I. Myers. Although more than a year later he was to reveal that he believed the preservation of a dollar of stable purchasing power to be both necessary and feasible, nevertheless he did not accept the doctrine that the primary causes of the depression lay in the money system and that inflation and subsequent currency management were cure-alls. That was trying to explain too much with one idea. As his program proved, Mr. Roosevelt thought a great many fundamental readjustments had to be made if the American economic machine were to be revived and preserved. One of these was the reduction of the output of basic agricultural crops to a restricted market. Others were more far-reaching. Doctor Tugwell's perception of one of the main causes of the depression in the failure of the capitalistic system to distribute the surplus piled up by the astonishing growth of industrial efficiency in the nineteen-twenties harmonized, I believe, with Mr. Roosevelt's own observations.

The next recruit for the brains trust was Adolf A. Berle, Jr., professor of law at Columbia. Like many liberal intellectuals, he did not at that time favor Mr.

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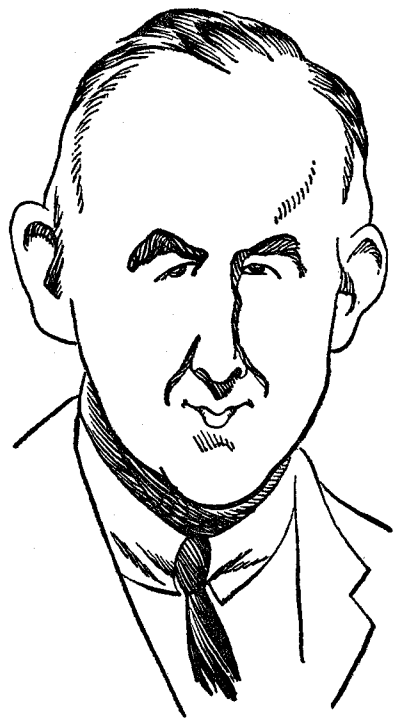
Roosevelt for the presidency. Nevertheless, upon invitation, he submitted an excellent memorandum on federal finances, met Mr. Roosevelt, and found, as many others of his type did later, that Roosevelt was the man in public life for whom he had long been in search. Charles Roberts, a friend of Mr. O'Connor's, threw in a plan for taxing corporation surpluses. Professors Moley and Tugwell canvassed several of their academic friends, especially those at Columbia, since they were more accessible. One by one they eliminated most of them, either because they were immersed in doctrines developed out of their own particular specialties or could not simplify and generalize their ideas for the use of Mr. Roosevelt and his campaign. The group quickly simmered down to Moley, Tugwell, and Berle.



After a few preliminary meetings with Rosenman and O'Connor, they moved on to Albany. They would catch an afternoon train from New York, take tea with Mr. Roosevelt on the porch of the Executive Mansion, and the discussion would continue through the dinner hour and late into the night. There were several of these sessions before Mr. Roosevelt went to Warm Springs, Ga., at the end of April. The conversations roamed over the whole field of economics: the causes of the depression, the methods of relieving it, the main points of attack. The three professors learned the main trends of Mr. Roosevelt's thought and the kind of information he wanted. He enlarged and co-ordinated his knowledge of economics. The professors modified some of their own ideas. Doctor Tugwell has often acknowledged to his friends that his conception of a neatly planned society imposed by an economic council was shattered by Mr. Roosevelt's insistence on the need of fluidity. (The first sentence of the first chapter in Doctor Tugwell's book, *The Industrial Discipline,* published a year later, is "The fluidity of change in society has always been the despair of theorists.") When Mr. Roosevelt returned from Warm Springs at the beginning of June, the meetings were resumed. From a research group, the brains trust developed into a board of economic strategy for the campaign.

The phrase "brains trust" was invented by James Kieran of *The New York Times,* who was covering Mr. Roosevelt's activities for his paper at the time. Most of Mr. Kieran's colleagues at first resisted the expression, but Mr. Roosevelt soon began to use it, and it slowly made its way into the public vocabulary. It was brains trust, and still is in Mr. Roosevelt's circle, despite the mass rebellion of newspaper and magazine copy readers against the plural form of brain.

After Mr. Roosevelt's nomination at Chicago in July, 1932, the brains trust grew. The most active addition was General Hugh S. Johnson. When General Johnson was made administrator of the National Recovery Act, Mr. Roosevelt was gratefully applauded for choosing a "practical" man instead of theorist from his brains trust. Although he did not see a great deal of Mr. Roosevelt during the presidential campaign, General Johnson was in fact the most important member of the brains trust outside the original trio. Through Mr. Moley, his data and ideas went to develop such diverse parts of the Roosevelt program as federal finances, the tariff, and railroad rehabilitation. Felix Frankfurter, professor of law at Harvard, was another important contributor, though he worked more or less independently. Mr. Roosevelt had known him for many years and frequently had sought his advice while Governor of New York.

Professor Tugwell and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., chairman of Mr. Roosevelt's agricultural advisory committee for four years, developed a separate brains trust for agriculture, which included professors, economists, and leaders of farm organizations from all over the country. Through Mr. Moley, many other persons furnished data for the campaign. Among them was Ralph West Robey, financial editor of *The New York Evening Post.* Mr. Robey broke with the Roosevelt Administration on the money question in 1933 and became one of its most persistent critics. Through Mr. Robey came material from several of the economists of the financial district including Alexander Sachs, a brilliant statistical economist, who is now chief economist of the N. R. A. Among other recruits were Professor John Dalton of the Harvard School of Business and Charles W. Taussig, president of the American Molasses Company. Mr. Taussig was a personal friend and associate of Professor Berle. A nephew of the well-known Harvard economist, he did not have even one college degree. Yet he cheerfully undertook to master such abstruse subjects as the tariff. He carries a shrewd head and among his scattered contributions to the New Deal was a good-sized portion of the program for the liberation and economic restoration of Cuba.

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As the candidate of discontent and advocate of change, Mr. Roosevelt became the magnet for all of the million and one ideas sired by three and one-half years of depression. Mr. Moley was the main funnel through which the worthy residue from this unending flow of suggestions reached Mr. Roosevelt. Moley has always taken pains to give credit for much of the work of culling this material to two of his young assistants, Celeste Jedel, his secretary, and Robert K. Straus, son of Jesse I. Straus, the present Ambassador to France.

A third extension of the brains trust came shortly before Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration when it became necessary to collect material for the international conversations preparatory to the world economic conference. The three most conspicuous additions at this time were James P. Warburg, William C. Bullitt, and Herbert Feis. Mr. Feis, the economic adviser to the State Department, had been a college professor. Mr. Warburg, like his father, the late Paul Warburg, was a New York banker. For a time he was the Administration's chief monetary adviser, but his views proved to be too conservative for Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Bullitt's return to public life created a mild sensation because of his colorful early career during the Wilson Administration and his recent jaunt through European capitals trailed by stories that he was Mr. Roosevelt's personal emissary. Mr. Bullitt's rather casual contacts with Mr. Roosevelt antedated the brains trust. His liberalism and detailed knowledge of European politics were welcomed by Mr. Moley and they became warm friends.

This band of American experts during the preparations for the London Conference was essentially like the bodies of experts who advised the emissaries of other nations. It happened to include three members of the old brains trust—Moley, Tugwell, and Taussig. The individual members of the original brains trust and a few of the newer recruits had access to the President, but there was no longer a definite body which could be called the brains trust. There were, instead, various subsidiary brains trusts and a lot of scattered men doing their own particular jobs. Mr. Moley remained at the President's hand, but the old round-table discussions practically disappeared.

In the waves of attack which fell on Raymond Moley, he was accused in one breath of being a dangerous theorist and in the next of being a mediocre man who had made no mark in the academic world by original contribution to thought. Mr. Moley has an ingenious mind but he probably never will create a doctrine, for he is as hard-headed a realist as Mr. Roosevelt himself.

His early career gave no indication that when the United States embarked on an audacious experiment at a critical point in the world's history he would be identified as "the second strongest man in Washington." Of French and Irish descent, he was born in an ordinary American home in Berea, Ohio, near Cleveland, in 1887. He was precocious: at seven he was reading *Ivanhoe*. At nineteen he graduated from obscure Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea and went to the neighboring village of Olmsted Falls as superintendent of schools. At twenty-one he was elected mayor of the village. Bad health sent him West for two years. He returned to teach history in a Cleveland high school and obtain his master's degree from Oberlin College. He moved up to Western Reserve University. In 1919 he resigned his professorship to take charge of the Cleveland Foundation and make a survey of the causes of organized crime and the breakdown of law enforcement. His findings led to reforms in Cleveland and won discerning praise. He was called upon for similar surveys in Missouri, Illinois, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, California, and Indiana. In 1923 he moved to Columbia, where he had received his Ph.D. degree five years earlier, as associate professor of government. The New York State Crime Commission engaged him as an assistant. In 1928 Columbia made him a full professor of public law.

In 1928 Mr. Moley was working for Alfred E. Smith at Democratic National Headquarters and was introduced to Mr. Roosevelt by Louis Howe, who in his years as Secretary of the National Crime Commission had become acquainted with most of the experts on crime and penology in the country. Professor Moley's first service for Mr. Roosevelt was two years later as a member of a committee which drafted a plan for a model State parole system. Mr. Roosevelt earmarked him for membership on a commission to revise the administration of justice, but a deadlock with the Republican legislature delayed the survey for a year. Meanwhile he was employed as an expert to assist Samuel Seabury, as representative of the Governor, in the hearing of charges of inefficiency against T. C. T. Crain, Tammany District Attorney.

At the end of 1931 Mr. Moley was still a minor figure on the fringe of Mr. Roosevelt's circle. In February, 1932, he helped to prepare a speech for Mr. Roosevelt on reforming the State administration of justice. He was asked to lend a hand in drafting the definition of public policy which Mr. Roosevelt issued in removing Sheriff Thomas M. Farley of New York County—a definition which established a new standard for the judgment of public officials and foredoomed Mayor James J. Walker.

When Mr. Roosevelt approved the choice of Professor Moley to supervise the preparation of material for the national campaign, he was in search of no theorist; a college professor harboring dogma was the last person he wanted. He wanted a high-grade research assistant and literary secretary, an intelligent, reliable man who knew where to get facts and ideas, and how to analyze them and put them in usable form. Mr. Moley's first

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performance in his new rôle was during the preparation of a short but memorable speech. Mr. Roosevelt was dictating while Moley and Rosenman made comments and suggestions. At an appropriate point Moley reached down into his large store of apt literary allusions and pulled out William Graham Sumner's phrase, "The Forgotten Man." Mr. Roosevelt seized it instantly. That speech evoked strident attacks from the conservatives of both parties. Alfred E. Smith made it the opening for his denunciation of demagoguery, which proclaimed to all who did not already know that a famous friendship and political alliance had come to an end. But "the forgotten man" seized the imagination of the country. With the possible exception of "the new deal," it became the most telling catch-phrase of the presidential campaign.

After the election nobody was busier than Professor Moley in preparing for the launching of the new regime. When the new administration moved in, he was established in the State Department, in quarters conveniently near the White House executive offices. Every morning he was at the White House at an early hour for a bedside conference with the President. During the day he was back and forth between the White House and the State Department half a dozen times. At night his quarters in the Carlton hotel were besieged. There were few important laws, few important policies adopted, to which he did not contribute a hand or a word. Meanwhile he bore the main brunt of the work of preparing for the conversations with visiting statesmen and the world economic conference. Yet throughout the exhausting turmoil of those spring months he continued to return to New York every Thursday to lecture to his classes at Barnard.

In Washington, Mr. Moley sought the companionship of practical politicians as much as of his old friends in the brains trust. He did not like to be called "Professor" and he was quick to insist that there was no longer a brains trust. "I have a job and am trying to do it," he asserted stoutly. To accusations that he was a theorist he could reply, "I am essentially a conservative fellow," or "I tilt at no windmills." And it was easy to see in Washington that he was attempting to assess the intangibles of practical politics as accurately as the cold facts of economics. But Mr. Moley is no match for the incomparable Mr. Roosevelt as a politician and divining rod of public psychology. And while Mr. Roosevelt's temperamental equipment for the strain of public life is miraculously good, Mr. Moley's is extraordinarily bad. Mr. Moley's quiet drawl and dry humor hint at a serene person. At many critical moments he was a firm sedative for excited colleagues. In his earlier days he said that social workers made him weary "because they have no sense of humor." But Moley's usually calm exterior is only a thin crust over a volcano. He explodes frequently. In his Cleveland days two hold-up men pointing revolvers at him made him so angry that he beat them up. In Washington he often seemed on the verge of meting the same treatment to his adversaries in argument. When he had gone several days without a face-to-face explosion, he exploded in the privacy of his office to his secretaries.

Sensitive and intense, he became extremely unhappy under the fierce critical battering that centred on him. Lacking the craftiness of men more skilled in political warfare, he plunged along boldly, even recklessly, to the July morning that he found himself hailed as "the first casualty" of the new regime.

An explosion in the State Department seemed inevitable from the moment that the restrained, old-fashioned Democrat, Cordell Hull, and the dynamic, determined exponent of the new order, Mr. Moley, were put under the same roof. The career diplomats and the political appointees normally keep that department split into two camps. Into that hotbed was thrust Mr. Moley, who is neither a diplomat nor a politician. He might have been put on the payroll of the Treasury Department or almost anywhere else within easy distance of the White House because his job was really to assist the President. Mr. Moley sensed that his position would be embarrassing. He asked that his appointment as Assistant Secretary of State be announced as only temporary. When he was overruled, he asked newspapermen as a personal favor to say that he was to occupy the office only a few weeks.

Mr. Hull also must have felt the embarrassment from the beginning. He must have known then, as it later was proved to the entire world, that Mr. Roosevelt intended to be his own Secretary of State. Mr. Hull was the ranking Cabinet officer, but one of his theoretical subordinates saw many times as much of the President as Mr. Hull saw of him and knew much better what was going on in the President's mind. Moreover, Mr. Moley was in full charge of the preparation of data for the world economic conference, the event of the year in which Mr. Hull was most keenly interested, and was the President's chief adviser on war debts, a problem so

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delicate that the President did not confide it to his Secretary of State.

Only a man of extreme patience and personal loyalty to the President would have tolerated this situation as long as Mr. Hull bore it. With remarkable tact and forbearance on both sides he and his powerful subordinate might have been able to get along with each other if their fundamental views had not been irreconcilable. Mr. Hull, a conservative, who obviously viewed with misgiving the liberal men and measures with which Mr. Roosevelt surrounded himself, was the most conspicuous of that almost vanished breed of Democrats who devoutly believe in a low tariff. Mr. Moley, a liberal of Mr. Roosevelt's own texture, was a realist who saw that economic self-containment was the order of the day and that the domestic experiments of the new regime would require probably more, rather than less, insulation of American economy from the remainder of the world. While Mr. Hull was still proclaiming that the nation and the world would rise or fall with the results of the world economic conference, particularly with its success in reducing tariff barriers, Mr. Moley saw that the ballyhoo attendant on the visits of foreign statesmen had misled the country and that the reaction from the assured failure of the London Conference to do what Mr. Hull thought it ought to do would be embarrassing to the Administration. So he boldly stepped to the radio and gave the warning that too much should not be expected, that the causes and remedies for the depression lay primarily within each nation, and that the chief results to be gained at London were a friendly exchange of opinion and co-operative action toward raising the world price level. Mr. Moley's voice unquestionably was the authentic expression of the economic philosophy of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign for the presidency and the American experiment. It was also the frank interpretation of the results of the preliminary conversations with other governments which were then nearing a close. Mr. Moley, the college professor who knew little about politics, was the practical realist. Mr. Hull, the life-long politician—and a very skilful politician—was the dogmatic visionary. It is doubtful if any of the numerous professors in the Administration hugs any doctrine so tightly as Mr. Hull hugs low tariffs.

The full story of the American delegation at the London Conference lies hidden beneath clouds of conflicting tales and gossip. It was clear, however, that Mr. Hull took over delegates and experts hopelessly split by differences in viewpoint and personal rivalries, that his own hand was directed by cable from Mr. Roosevelt, and that his aspirations were impossible of achievement. A man of more wile than Mr. Moley would have remained at home and enjoyed the performance. However, it had been planned from the first that he go over as soon as Congress had adjourned. It was the President's desire that he go, and he left with definite instructions to swing the conference to the left on the money question.

Mr. Moley's judgment in lending himself to the drafting of a currency resolution is open to question. But the resolution that he tentatively approved, subject to Mr. Roosevelt's decision, seemed innocuous enough. It was doubtless his idea that with the clamoring gold countries thus appeased, the conference could be persuaded to consider the American program for price lifting. The combination of motives that led Mr. Roosevelt to follow his rejection of the resolution with his scorching message of July 3 to the conference remains a secret locked in his own breast. One can surmise that his patience with the gold countries and with the failure of his delegation to out-manœuvre them was exhausted, and that he thought a strong nationalistic message would have a good political effect at home and a ringing assertion of monetary independence would support domestic prices. Possibly also he had already received the direct intelligence that the moment had arrived when he had to re-establish Mr. Hull's prestige or lose his Secretary of State. Mr. Moley returned home amid clouds of gossip and the jeers of the conservatives and of miscellaneous enemies. Publicly he was deflated far more than he was in fact. In transmitting the gold resolution to Mr. Roosevelt, he had cabled that he thought it necessary to save the conference but that the primary consideration should be its effect on the American price level and that only the President could make the decision. After receiving the President's rejection, he had cabled back that he was not inconsiderably relieved.

The idea that Moley was in disgrace was enthusiastically exploited by all who were looking for his scalp, and that group included several persons who had direct contact with the White House. At first, there were a few general signs of coolness around the White House. But they quickly disappeared, and Mr. Moley was again a daily visitor. The first assignment that he got on his return was to begin the preparation of economic data for the Pan-American conference at Montevideo in December. Whether Mr. Roosevelt intended the assignment seriously or not, I do not know, but Mr. Moley did not take it very seriously. Reports were already speeding across the Atlantic that Mr. Hull was coming home determined either to resign or to demand full control of his own department. With characteristic resourcefulness, Mr. Roosevelt found a new outlet for his lieutenant's energies in the preparation of a federal program for the curbing of racketeering, kidnaping, and other organized crimes. When Mr. Hull arrived at Hyde Park, Mr. Roosevelt received him with open arms. A break in the cabinet had been averted and Mr. Moley's versatile talents and turbulent temperament

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seemed destined for employment in many lines yet to be revealed. Then the plans for a weekly liberal magazine of popular appeal which Mr. Roosevelt and some of his friends had long been brewing suddenly came to a head. As the most publicized intellectual of the New Deal, Mr. Moley was the obvious man to edit this publication. And Vincent Astor and his co-backers, W. Averell Harriman and Mrs. Mary Rumsey, were willing to pay him a fat salary to do it.

Rexford G. Tugwell is the philosopher, the sociologist, and the prophet of the Roosevelt Revolution, as well as one of its boldest practitioners. He has provided the movement with much of its rationale (to use one of his favorite words). His broad picture of the whole scope of the American experiment is unmarred by the tough realities of politics. He knows it and it does not perturb him. He makes no pretense of being a practical politician and one senses that he would prefer never to be known as a politician. While his more sensitive colleague, Mr. Moley, strove to dissipate the idea that there was a brains trust, Doctor Tugwell was obviously glad that there had been a brains trust and sorry that it was not a more influential institution. While Mr. Moley's secretaries speak of "Mr." Moley, Doctor Tugwell's speak of "Doctor" Tugwell. The degree in both cases is Ph.D. Doctor Tugwell believes that economists are needed to plot the course of the modern world and that the politician's highest duty is to put their ideas into effect. Doctor Tugwell is usually quite a distance ahead of Mr. Roosevelt in his exploration of the potentialities of the new regime. In the vicinity of the White House, he is affectionately known as "a Bolshevik." In 1932 it seemed very unlikely that the United States would ever be anything like what Doctor Tugwell thought it should be, but the rapid movements of 1933 began to establish his place as a prophet. The country will probably never catch up with him, for as soon as Doctor Tugwell gets his bearings on a new set of realities he projects lines farther into the future. Forty-two, handsome, poised, he has enjoyed himself to the utmost in Washington, for even in the thick of action he has never lost the calm aloofness of an observer.

Doctor Tugwell was born in Sinclairville in the fruit-raising district of western New York. His father owned a cannery and a farm, but Doctor Tugwell has never been known to claim practical experience as a farmer on the basis of his boyhood practice in picking apples and watching cows. Chosen to be a director of an unprecedented experiment in controlling the production of cotton, and wheat and hogs, his own preference in foods is for delicacies. Doctor Tugwell attended high school in Buffalo and the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained until he had three degrees. He taught economics at Pennsylvania and Washington for brief periods before going to Columbia. He thought the orthodox textbooks on economics boring and unreal. In 1924, he and two of his colleagues, Messrs. Munro and Stryker, published a symposium entitled *American Economic Life*. For dull tables of statistics they substituted pictures of the contemporary world in its economic aspects: of a striker being beaten by police for coal and iron companies, and of Douglas Fairbanks labelled a member of "the higher income class." Two years later Doctor Tugwell published *Industry's Coming of Age,* with a prefatory indictment of the teaching of orthodox economics for continuing to "concentrate largely on the conceptual statements of a theory inherited from an old tradition."

Doctor Tugwell mingled freely with Socialists of the League of Industrial Democracy and the Civil Liberties Union. In the summer of 1927 he spent two months in Soviet Russia with a delegation of American trade unionists and intellectuals. He wrote the chapter on Russian agriculture for the symposium that came out of that expedition. The discovery that Doctor Tugwell had visited Russia was exploited to the utmost by the die-hards in Congress when they first saw the revolutionary farm bill at the special session of 1933. It happened that Doctor Tugwell's chapter on Russian agriculture had been realistic and rather critical of the agricultural policies of the Soviet regime. The audacity and determination behind the great Russian experiment stirred him. But he became neither a Socialist nor a Communist. Instead, he wrote for *The New Republic.*

Doctor Tugwell was convinced that the great American economic machine needed thorough remodelling but he was no less convinced that the plans for the new machine could not be found in imported creeds. Neither could he see value in revolutionary force.

To Doctor Tugwell we owe the useful differentiation of a modern liberal from a radical: "Liberals would like to rebuild the station while the trains are running; radicals prefer to blow up the station and forego service until the new structure is built."

As soon as the brains trust was formed in the spring of 1932, Doctor Tugwell took to himself the problems of agriculture, which seemed to him to be among the

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most interesting and fundamental of the day. The various contrivances, such as the equalization fee and the export-debenture plan, which had been proposed to put the farmer on an equality with tariff-protected industry, appealed to him as examples of social invention. In 1927 he had made a survey of the American agricultural problem for Alfred E. Smith's campaign for the presidency. Mr. Roosevelt was familiar with the equalization fee and the export-debenture plan. During one of the earlier sessions of the brains trust, Doctor Tugwell spoke of the work that was then being done by a group of agricultural economists financed by a grant from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Fund.

"I don't know exactly what they've got," said Doctor Tugwell, "but I understand it is something better than the old schemes."

About ten days before the national convention there was to be a meeting of agricultural economists at Chicago, at which the new scheme was to be discussed. Doctor Tugwell was assigned to go to Chicago, explore the plan, and determine if it met with general approval. He went. He telephoned to Mr. Roosevelt from Chicago, and explained the voluntary domestic allotment plan in a conversation which lasted nearly an hour.

A few minutes later Mr. Roosevelt called back.

"I don't understand it yet," he said. "Put it in a telegram."

Mr. Roosevelt was then working on his acceptance speech. He put into that speech a brief statement concerning surplus crops which forecast the main lines of his Topeka speech and of the new agricultural experiment launched a year later.

After the convention Doctor Tugwell brought to Albany Professor M. L. Wilson, of Montana State Agricultural College, one of the chief authors of the domestic allotment idea. They went over the plan with Mr. Roosevelt, and were commissioned to prepare the detailed formula for his Topeka speech. While they were working in New York, Henry A. Wallace, the Iowa farm-journal publisher, came through on his way to see Mr. Roosevelt. He favored the plan and Mr. Wilson later went to Iowa and obtained Mr. Wallace's final approval of the finished draft of the speech.

During the winter interregnum, Doctor Tugwell and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., undertook the futile assignment of getting the lame-duck Congress to put the domestic allotment plan into law. The experience reinforced Doctor Tugwell's conviction that he was not cut out to be a politician, and until about a week before March 4 he stubbornly refused to take the post of Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. He finally consented to go to Washington temporarily until the farm experiment had been launched. He was delighted to put on Mr. Wallace's shoulders the wearing task of handling Congressmen and farm leaders. Doctor Tugwell's activities were by no means confined to the farm experiment and preparations for the world economic conference. He was summoned to such varied services as explaining the banking bill to Congressmen, assisting in drafting the National Recovery Act, and preparing a plan for a stable dollar.

In nearly every situation, Doctor Tugwell is the advocate of bold and drastic action. The public-works program was far too small to please him. When speculators went on their spring spree, he would have closed the stock and commodity exchanges. He demonstrated what he meant by thoroughness by having two professors draft a Pure Foods and Drugs bill which paralyzed with fright every food-and-drug lobbyist in Washington.

While his colleague, Professor Berle, pleads for a new order of business men inspired by higher ethics, Doctor Tugwell does not expect business men to be different from what they are until the system in which they operate is changed. When others have seen repentant industrialists and financiers eagerly co-operating in the creation of a new era, Doctor Tugwell has seen only a lot of badly scared men who will return to their old habits as soon as they dare. At the conference table, Doctor Tugwell is a tenacious fighter, but he emerges apparently unruffled, while men around him have dropped from fatigue and let their nervous systems be frazzled to the breaking point.

When the name of Professor Adolf Augustus Berle, Jr., first appeared on the roll of the brains trust, many people thought he was his father, whose career as a Congregational minister and scholar is traceable in *Who's Who in America*. The younger Berle had not attained sufficient fame to be listed among the thousands of learned men in that volume. However, his remarkable intellect and his ability as a lawyer and economist were known and freely acknowledged in discriminating circles. Before the end of 1932, his book, with Gardiner C. Means, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, established him in the front rank of contemporary analysts and thinkers.

At thirty-eight, Mr. Berle is a former "infant prodigy" who has not ceased to be a prodigy. He went through Harvard in three years and was graduated with honors at seventeen. At twenty-one he had his LL.B. from Harvard Law School. He worked for a time in the law office of Louis D. Brandeis. During the war his service as an army intelligence officer took him into the Caribbean, and he added the sugar business, Latin-American law, and Caribbean politics and sociology to the subjects on which he was later recognized as an expert. At twenty-four he went to the Peace Conference as an assistant to Frank Howard Lord, American High Commissioner to Poland, in the redrafting of the eastern frontier of Germany. He thought the solution incor-

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porated in the draft treaty was indefensible. He resigned and came home to begin the practice of law in New York City. Through his father he had known Lillian Wald since childhood and he began active work at the Henry Street Settlement. He also became interested in the welfare of the Indians and defended their rights in several law suits. His main line of legal work, however, gradually carried him into the accepted channels for a respectable and ambitious young corporation lawyer in New York City. He became an active Republican. His marriage relieved him of financial cares. While continuing his law practice he lectured at the Harvard School of Business for a time, then joined the staff of the Columbia Law School.

Professor Berle's short and slender figure is a concentrate of nervous and intellectual energy. Among the original membership of the brains trust, he was the brilliant lawyer, the most thorough analytical economist, a master of prose, and a bit of a moralist. During Mr. Roosevelt's presidential campaign he made himself an expert on federal finances, railroad rehabilitation and banking. He contributed "industrial cannon fodder" and other striking phrases and was the chief draftsman of the manifesto of the New Deal, the Commonwealth Club speech. At the short Congressional session of the winter of 1932–33, he helped to write the Bankruptcy Act.

Professor Berle could have had an important full-time post in the new Administration, but he preferred to be free to continue his teaching and the practice of law. Nevertheless he spent two or three days a week in Washington during the first phase of the revolution. His presence was distressing to many of the Democratic lawyers who, having helped to elect Mr. Roosevelt, had arrived in Washington to reap their reward in handsome legal fees as representatives of banks, corporations, and other business interests. The legal fraternity could not quite believe that one of their own would consider it unethical to take advantage of his standing in high places by accepting retainers. Mr. Berle did work with the railroad executives and helped a few large banks to reopen but always as a representative of the Administration.

Mr. Roosevelt made Mr. Berle special adviser to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. There Mr. Berle tried to make sense out of prodigal loans to railroads to pay off their bankers and meet interest payments on over-capitalized corporate structures. He endeavored to use the government's position as a creditor to hasten the essential co-ordination of the railroad industry. Some of the railroad executives and financiers were flabbergasted —or pretended to be—by his suggestions.

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration sought Mr. Berle as its legal counsel in obtaining sugar production and marketing agreements. Mr. Berle's finicky sense of ethics led him to refuse on the ground that he was counsel to the American Molasses Company, which had relations with the sugar business. The N. R. A. was already staffed with business men and labor leaders who felt no hesitation in serving because of their special interests. Excepting Mr. Berle, all the lawyers with knowledge of sugar appeared to be employed by the big producing interests, the refineries, or the Wall Street sugar banks. Mr. Berle was finally persuaded that the A. A. A. had no qualms about his ability to ignore the minor interests of his private client. The sugar producers and refiners found him as exacting as the railroads had. He threw their first proposals out the window. The refiners accused him of prejudice in favor of Cuban refining interests. The inclusion of Cuba in an American closed sugar area was the basic point in the Administration's program for the rehabilitation of Cuba. Early in September Mr. Roosevelt sent Mr. Berle on a temporary mission to Cuba as financial adviser to the U. S. Embassy. He arrived just as the second revolution broke out.

During the hundred-day session of Congress, Mr. Berle had a hand in such varied pieces of legislation as the Banking Act, the new Securities Act, and the National Recovery Act. When the banks were on the operating table during the moratorium, he would have done a thorough job of surgery. He was overruled. The Glass-Steagall Banking Act and the Securities Act were both disappointments to him, and he at once went to work to draft amendments or substitute bills to be presented to the 1934 session of Congress. In the summer of 1933, he helped to sift the various schemes for a commodity dollar. Mr. Berle clings doggedly to his hope that bankers and business men and lawyers will realize that restraint, higher standards of conduct, and a sense of social responsibility are imperative if the capitalistic regime is to survive, even in modified form. In speeches to bankers he tells them that in England it is supposed to be a high social offense for a banker to make a large personal fortune.

When Mr. Berle inserts his mind in a problem he pushes through until he has located the last isolated detail and put it in its proper place. But he is able to draw back and get a bird's-eye view. His book with Mr. Means is based on the most elaborate studies that have been made of the growth of American corporations, but the masses of detail rise steadily to well-formed conclusions. In summing up, Messrs. Berle and Means wrote: "The rise of the modern corporation has brought a concentration of economic power which can compete on equal terms with the modern state—economic power versus political power, each strong in its own field. The state seeks in some aspects to regulate the corporation, while the corporation, steadily becoming more powerful, makes every effort to avoid such regulation. Where

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its own interests are concerned, it even attempts to dominate the state. The future may see the economic organism, now typified by the corporation, not only on an equal plane with the state, but possibly even superseding it as the dominant form of social organization. The low of corporations, accordingly, might well be considered as a potential constitutional law for the new economic state, while business practice is increasingly assuming the aspect of economic statesmanship."

These men—Moley, Tugwell, and Berle—are inseparable from the Roosevelt Revolution. No list of the six or eight most important architects and builders of the new regime would be valid without them. Next to Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Moley was the most important, in or out of the Cabinet. With Tugwell and Berle would have to be ranked Mr. Douglas, chiefly because of his restraining influence on certain occasions during the first months; Louis Howe, whose power is devious and indefinable; Frances Perkins, Hugh S. Johnson, Harold L. Ickes, and probably Henry A. Wallace. A line arbitrarily drawn there excludes many, like James A. Farley, who are important in the political management of the movement, and others who, though farther removed from the centre of action, clearly understand the significance of the experiment. If, as the conservatives would have us believe, Mr. Roosevelt is going to turn back because Raymond Moley has become an editor, he still has a lot of housecleaning to do. Liberal social scientists are still being drawn into the government instead of being turned away from it. Subsidiary brains trusts have sprung up around every important experiment of the New Deal.

In the agricultural brains trust one finds M. L. Wilson, who helped to show the world how to produce wheat on a large scale, and then had to invent a plan for reducing the wheat output; Mordecai Ezekiel, the brilliant young economist and part author of the revolutionary farm bill, who can demonstrate by logarithms how to raise hogs; William I. Myers, former professor of farm finance at Cornell, the chief author of the Farm Mortgage Act, now Deputy Governor of the Farm Credit Administration; Herman Oliphant, former professor of law at Johns Hopkins; Gardiner C. Means, Mr. Berle's associate at Columbia; Louis H. Bean, and the staff of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics; Howard E. Babcock, former professor of marketing at Cornell.

In the monetary brains trust may be found O. M. W. Sprague, former professor of banking and finance at Harvard, whom Mr. Roosevelt took away from the Bank of England and installed as Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury; Professor Warren of Cornell, one of the leading authorities on the commodity dollar; James H. Rogers, professor of political economy at Yale, another currency specialist.

The National Recovery Administration brought together such men as Alexander Sachs, who made a reputation by his accuracy in forecasting the course of the depression and is now charting the recovery; Leo Wolman, a member of the faculty of the New School for Social Research, and authority on labor problems; Earle Dean Howard, professor of economics at Northwestern.

Among the former academic men scattered here and there are John Dickinson, former professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania, in the post of Assistant Secretary of Commerce; Isador Lubin, former professor of economics at the University of Missouri, installed as chief of the statistical division of the Department of Labor; W. M. W. Splawn, former professor of economics at the University of Texas, as adviser to the House Committee on Interstate Commerce and one of the leading assistants to Joseph B. Eastman in handling the railroad problem. Arthur E. Morgan, former president of Antioch College, as chairman of the Board of the Tennessee Valley Authority; Harcourt A. Morgan, former dean of the school of agriculture of the University of Tennessee, as another member of the Board of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

One could name twenty or more liberal lawyers in the Administration: Donald Richberg, counsel to the N. R. A., Jerome Frank, counsel to the A. A. A., and many of Felix Frankfurter's protégés. Mr. Frankfurter refused to accept the post of Solicitor-General but he responded heartily to the invitation to suggest men to fill many of the legal posts. Mr. Roosevelt appointed a dozen or more men wholly or chiefly on his recommendation. Of these the most prominent are Dean G. Acheson, Under-Secretary of the Treasury, and David E. Lilienthal, the third member of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The men of the various brains trusts represent many shades of thought and many specialties. But in most of them two characteristics stand out: enthusiasm for the American experiment and unabating criticism of the course of its development. None of the easy optimism or pessimism of men accustomed to gauging the world by the stockmarket or the momentary profits or losses of their business is to be found in this group. Free competition in ideas is a basic characteristic of the Roosevelt Administration. Probably never before in its history has the Federal Government found important rôles for so many men of fertile and courageous mind and broad social point of view. These men are a menace to the special interests which are struggling to maintain their power in a period of revolutionary change. War on the brains trust is one of the expressions of the conflict between the old regime and the new.

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Young Cuba Rises

By Carleton Beals

The author of "The Crime of Cuba" interprets the startling popular eruption there and our part in it.

"Cuba is a cork; it always floats," is a current proverb of the neighboring islanders, who from African and Spanish ancestors have inherited an easy faith in fatalism which the balmy climate has done little to alter. Rich in tropical resources, Cuba, whatever its political or financial difficulties, despite the recurrent depressions of her one-crop economy (sugar), always stages a come-back. Good-luck is one of the outstanding gods of the Cuban pantheon.

But this buoyant philosophy puts undue responsibility upon Divine Providence—a rôle generously assumed in the past by American experts, politicians, marine officers, and our State Department. Certainly our powerful chancellery does and should take its practical and metaphysical obligations with due seriousness: in Cuba's case those obligations are precisely set down in a perpetual treaty commonly referred to as the Platt Amendment of 1901. So seriously have our obligations been taken during the past thirty years that it may be confidently asserted that none of our anointed statesmen from Root to Hull has taken much stock in the cork theory. Cuba has been a busy laboratory for a transplanted democracy which despite our earnestness has rarely thrived even in so proximate a place as one hundred miles south of Key West.

Notable American names have been closely associated with Cuban affairs—statesmen, financiers, taxation experts, business men, military officers, sugar wizards: Brookes, Wood, Rathbone, Magoon, Root, Crowder, Hord, Morrow, Kellogg, Stimson, Norman Davis, Catlin, Woodin, Percy Rockefeller, Rubens, Professor Seligman, Harry F. Guggenheim, Hughes, Coolidge, Hoover—all have had a finger in the pie where rich plums were not always lacking. Charles E. Mitchell praised President Zayas; Thomas Lamont praised President Machado; Coolidge praised Cuban democracy and ballot-boxes with easy disregard of machine-gun elections and imprisoned students. The list of knight-errant Americans who have tried to rescue fair Cuba from the flames could be indefinitely extended.

Of course some of these were motivated by lofty purpose, but others have kept their eyes on the main chance. Cuba's wealth is largely American-owned—to the tune of $1,500,000,000 (now somewhat shrunk in value)—a total investment exceeded in no other Latin American country. Nearly ninety per cent of the arable land of the country is owned or leased by Americans, nearly sixty per cent of the total area. Most of the public utilities, the banks, railroads, sugar and coffee industries, telegraph and telephone lines are in American hands. None of these interests has suffered the regulation imposed upon them in the United States; in Cuba they have had a free hand to work their will. Today probably a dozen Americans in high financial and corporation circles hold Cuba's economic destiny in their hands, and until the recent revolt have largely controlled its political destiny.

The promptness with which Roosevelt bravely rushed thirty war vessels to Cuban waters suggests that a Cuban revolution is an event that merits our watchful concern.

Yet for all our tutelage, for all our dollars, all our high-priced experts, all our able statesmen, over a period of thirty years the Cuban cork has been growing more water-logged with corruption and social injustice. Each successive Cuban government has shown less and less respect for life and liberty, but a great deal for property, especially American property. Each government has proven more vicious than the last, justice under each more a figment of the imagination, public morality lower, crime of all sorts more rampant. Education has decidedly deteriorated since the Wood military occupation, and under Machado well-nigh disappeared. All cultural manifestations and all individual freedom have increasingly been trampled under foot. For three dec-

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ades, despite an occasional feverish sugar-boom, Cuba has been disintegrating politically and socially. Cuba's best government was that of its first president, Estrada Palma; its worst was the brutal Machado dictatorship. Cuba's brightest days were right after independence and General Wood's strenuous cleaning up; her darkest days, those of 1933.

Today Cuba is a bankrupt country. Our sixth largest market has vanished. Cuban trade has dropped down to the 1895 level when Cuba was under backward Spanish rule and there were no marvellous sugar machinery, no magnificent highway leaping across the rolling hills from Havana to Santiago, and only a fraction of the present railway mileage. After ten years of persistent depression, its people have been reduced to misery and starvation, unable to earn a livelihood. Even in the heyday of the sugar industry, wage-scales were beaten down by the importation of ignorant blacks from Haiti and Jamaica. And until the recent upheavals, the Cuban people were pinioned under one of the most heartbreaking and atrocious military tyrannies history records.

Yet during nearly fifteen of those thirty years, Cuba was either occupied by military forces of the United States or was directly under the supervision of American experts with almost unlimited powers. During the remaining fifteen years a watchful eye has been kept upon all of Cuba's governmental activities, and we have maintained an almost constant *sub rosa* financial supervision. The net result of all our good intentions has been abysmal failure.

Why is it that our Sir Galahad efforts have brought no better results? Is it that the obstacles are so insurmountable? Are the Cuban people so difficult to govern? Or is it that American formulas are not suitable for Cuban political practices? Could it be that our real aim after all was not human justice but profits? Were certain selfish American interests undermining the good efforts of our statesmen? Or were our statesmen occasionally doing the bidding of certain powerful interests?

No glib answer can be given. But the various Cuban governments have become increasingly divorced from the Cuban people and more closely allied with the absentee control of capital directing Cuba's productive activities. Cuba's political life has been functioning in a sort of vacuum from which the popular will had been carefully exhausted. This perhaps made the efforts of our good experts so futile, a thankless attempt to set up democratic machinery when the social forces for democratic control were utterly lacking. We have been busily interested in the mechanics of good government in Cuba but have ignored the economics and spiritual increment of real popular government.

Somewhat at variance with the cork maxim of a people that frequently loves the rumba and the siesta more than grave burdens of state, is the remark by José Martí (father of Cuban independence): "We are men, and are not going to want any paper-doll governments." But Martí was a meteoric patriot, and Cuban independence has produced no comparable luminary. All of Cuba's past governments have been paper-doll affairs. All have been directly or indirectly the product of American supervision by experts, of American marine or army elections, or the creatures of American sugar or banking interests. For in Cuba we have carried further than we have anywhere else our traditional Caribbean policy of exercising protectorates over neighboring republics without avowing them officially. Assiduously we have insisted upon the outward semblance of constitutionality and legal elections in accordance with ill-adapted machinery cut to an American model, sometimes regardless of the basic social forces or the will of the Cuban people. More than once, as in the case of Menocal and Zayas, the will of the people as expressed at the ballot boxes and in revolt has been arbitrarily set aside by representatives from Washington to satisfy a narrow legal principle.

This paper-doll character of government was evident from the first. Our first military occupation after the Treaty of Paris told the Cuban patriots to pack up their provisional government (established in 1895) and go home; and we catered to the Tories. If the French who helped us achieve independence from England had maintained a subsequent three-year military rule over the Thirteen Colonies, during which time they refused to treat with Washington, Adams, Hamilton, or Jefferson, but played ball with the Tories and set up a French model government, if we had then been forced to sign a treaty legalizing French intervention whenever we might wish to alter this imposed state of affairs, conceivably our subsequent history might have been less felicitous and more turbulent.

In Cuba's case, one of the results of such an ingenious procedure was to submerge the more worthy and intelligent leaders, and while Cuba's first President, Estrada Palma, had been head of Cuba's New York revolutionary Junta, the state thereafter became the prey of less enlightened militarists of the independence wars. Cuba has been ruled by the bayonet for thirty years, and with increasing brutality.

Much water has run under the bridge since Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders milled around in the deathtrap on the road to Las Guasimas River, and their leader charged up Kettle Hill on the heels of the Tenth Cavalry to become the hero of a victory he never won. Five months before the Spanish-American War, President McKinley had said: "I speak not of forcible annexation, for that cannot be thought of. That by our code of morality would be criminal aggression." But during the war, he scribbled on a scrap of paper,

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"While we are conducting the war and until its conclusion, we must keep what we get; when the war is over, we must keep what we want." By the end of the brief war sundry sugar gentlemen and traders and their politician friends were bemoaning our rash nobility in promising Cuba her freedom. But we soon worked out a substitute for both freedom and annexation.

The instrument of our control over Cuba has been the Platt Amendment, shaped by Root and the Senator whose name it bears, and forced upon the Cuban constituent congress in 1901 as the price for the withdrawal of our army. The Platt Amendment gives us the right to intervene in order to maintain a government which will guarantee "life, property and individual liberty." By the Amendment we undertake supervision of Cuba's foreign loans and foreign relations; and the document insists on that peculiarity of American Caribbean policy—sanitation; Cuba promised to stay clean. And along with these obligations and doubtful benefits, we scooped in the naval base at Guantánamo.

The Platt Amendment has been given every conceivable interpretation. Root promised solemnly that it would never mean intermeddling in Cuba's domestic affairs; yet the so-called "preventive policy," inaugurated by Taft and Crowder, for years established strict supervision over all the minutiæ of Cuban governmental activities; our financial supervision has been, if usually secret, continuous and persuasive.

Most leading Cubans, aside from a few politicians currying favor, have bitterly condemned the instrument. Márquez Sterling, the De Céspedes Ambassador to Washington, has declared that intervention springs "fatally from the political clause of the Amendment," which "provokes tyranny as a cause and terrorism as a result." "Credit" is but "the conventional device of this system: interventionist concessions to prevent intervention." What "the Dictator is trying to salvage (by paying his debts) is the tolerance of the American chancellery." According to the eminent scholar, Doctor Fernando Ortiz, "The Platt Amendment has served only to support improper governments in Cuba and never to correct them." The Platt Amendment invariably serves flamboyant South American writers with a point of attack to demonstrate America's imperialistic intentions.

Undoubtedly Cuba needed a guiding hand at the outset, but whether the constitution we helped them elaborate, the American school-books we translated for their use, the race-prejudices we fostered, or the Platt Amendment which froze the relations of the two countries into a set mould allowing for no real evolution of policy, were the proper solutions, or whether the Amendment has done anything but serve as a shield for dictators, speculators, and corruption, is most doubtful.

But to contend, as some Latin-American writers do, that the desire for imperialistic territorial expansion animates any considerable sector of American opinion, is fantastic. And following our ill-starred Nicaraguan intervention with its Sandino boomerang, the general tendency of our government has been to avoid armed intervention; we plan to withdraw as soon as possible from Haiti as we have done from Nicaragua; and efforts have been made to release the Philippines. Perhaps we are really beginning to ask ourselves, as did Representative John Sharp Williams at the time of the signing of the Treaty of Paris, "Who made us God's globe-trotting regents to forestall misgovernment everywhere?"

But if we have abandoned more overt forms of aggression which we labelled with polite names, Cuba, along with several other countries, still suffers from a heritage of dollar diplomacy and the flouting of her popular opinion with the sanction of Washington for the benefit of petty tyrants and American corporate interests. The system thus evolved will not be easily or promptly corrected.

II

Now for the first time since achieving freedom from Spain, only to be caught in the toils of the Platt Amendment, Cuba is definitely on the move to win economic and political independence. The recent turnover in Cuba does not represent just another Latin-American flare-up. Its roots go deep into Cuban life.

The recent disturbances mark the end of an epoch and probably will have more far-reaching consequences in our relations with Latin America and the world than most of us now appreciate. Cuba has stuck a new banner on the masthead bearing the motto: Cuba for Cubans. A new deal is on the way in Cuba. New names. New men. New aspirations. A few years ago we heard much of Young Turkey, Young Italy, Young Germany. Young Cuba has been definitely born.

Already a whole political generation has been swept away—the so-called men of '95. Cuba is today in the hands of her youth, her younger professors, her young journalists, and the rank and file of the army. The Cuban politicians of the period just closed will be remembered for their vacillation, their corruption, their supine bowing to foreign influences and to piratical high finance. In their subservience to Washington and to a small clique of banking interests, they failed to safeguard the rights of Cubans, failed at every turn to promote honest government. The politicians of yester-year have merely served as instruments of force and murder to further the disinheritance of the mass of Cubans.

The millennium has not come in Cuba—the old vices

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will probably corrode the incoming group—but a new spirit has been born in Cuba which had never existed until the last days of Spanish oppression. It is therefore fortunate that we have a man in the White House who can view this movement with tolerance, for had we acted in the customary manner of past decades, on this occasion we should probably have had on our hands a Cuban Sandino to arouse not only the patriotism of the islanders but to inspire statues, verse, and moral sympathy in the rest of Latin America. Before Machado's downfall, a mass-meeting of two thousand—even though the meeting itself was made possible by the negotiations of the American Ambassador—denounced the ambassador's efforts at mediation as an unwarranted interference in Cuban affairs. And the alarmed haste with which we rushed battleships to Cuban waters stirred the Cubans to a pitch of threatened resistance new to the people on the island.

During these years, the younger generation in Cuba found all doors closed to it. With the wealth of the country in foreign hands, they discovered that even the professions offered little outlet. The legal business of American corporations was handled by large American law firms; the teaching profession was occupied by petty politicians desiring sinecures; the entire government was monopolized by a narrow military clique. The native sugar and tobacco planters had been crowded to the wall by the big absentee owners.

Less than 200 sugar mills control more than 5½ million acres. One company alone owns nearly one-eighth of all Cuban sugar lands. Some plantations are more extensive than the counties, and their government; whole towns, such as Banes in Orient, are inside the foreign estates and obey only the law of the American administrator. Private company railways make every one dependent for miles about. The private ports are centres of contraband. "If this process is carried to completion, all Cuba will be converted into a vast sugar plantation with a population of West Indian Negroes, a cowardly native bureaucracy, a government receiving orders from Wall Street, and a flag—symbol of its independence."

The political causes of Cuba's plight are equally discernible. Both the Spanish Captain General and the "Yankee" Governor established a tradition of absolutism. Each succeeding President has hastened to transform himself into an omnipotent Captain General. This could be done because unfortunately the Cuban constitution, elaborated under American military supervision, imitated the American constitution; but the checks on the Executive Power did not correspond to Cuban actualities and did not serve, so that the Executive remained quite immune from all popular control. The public will is further vitiated by official dependence on foreign capital and the consequent interference of foreign corporations in electoral activities. As Cubans have no economic resources, public posts became extraordinary prizes to be fought over at the point of the gun. Since power is the prize, the government organizes a professional army to retain it. The privileged army is another means of living off the state, for it is paid and fed well, though the rest of the population starve. Its mission—since Cuba has no foreign enemy—is purely political, to uphold Presidential impositions. An instrument of oppression, it was given immunity to commit the most repellent crimes.

Cuba's cultural life has been pauperized in direct relation to the alienation of the country's resources. The university and other schools were closed. Newspapers were suppressed. "Bad governors know the great power of thought and culture." Machado was merely the culmination of all these evils.

Caught in this closed circle, young Cuba has battled its way out valiantly, with self-sacrifice, martyrdom, and courage against a super-military establishment. Denied all freedom of press and assemblage, denied all exercise of political rights, the new generation gradually forged the weapons for retrieving Cuba from the hands of Machado and the men of '95. Over a hundred students and professors met death at the hands of the Machado police, but slowly arms and ammunition were accumulated; gradually the island was honeycombed with secret societies, principally the A. B. C. (the initials of the cellular units) and the O. C. R. R. (Radical Revolutionary Cellular Organization). By 1932 these secret societies began to make headway in the rank and file of the army.

Along with this organization activity a definite program was developed. The A. B. C. first announced its program about a year ago. It demanded not merely the elimination of the Machado régime, but wished also "to remove its causes and maintain sane public opinion as a permanent force." The evil conditions then existing, the A. B. C. averred, arose primarily from the displacement of the Cuban from the wealth of the country. The first President, Estrada Palma, began the subjection of his government to foreign capital and closed all doors to native development of fields, mines, and industry, so that Cuba gradually became "a nation of bureaucrats and proletarians instead of property owners." The foreign bank "extends its tentacles everywhere. Master of credit, it is also master of production and commerce." The Cuban government has aided foreign capitalists to disinherit the Cubans.

An extensive program of thirty-five measures was presented as a guide to the manner in which the Cuban people could regain control of the national wealth and their government. This program provides for the reinstatement of the peasants on the lands, rate reductions, and the regulation of public utilities, the planned reor-

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ganization of the sugar industry, the reduction of the army, the establishment of a new constitution providing for proper democratic control of elected officials, the reorganization of the courts and justice, the establishment of popular tribunals to survey the acts of officials and punish them for derelictions and corrupt practices.

By the end of 1932 the Opposition forces had become powerful. From that time on the days of Machado, who in 1928 had brought about an illegal alteration of the constitution in order to seize power for an additional six years, were numbered. Our own out-going administration, represented in Havana by Harry F. Guggenheim, had maintained a so-called "hands-off" policy, in reality a policy of secretly sustaining Machado while letting things drift from bad to worse—in the vain hope that catastrophe might be averted.

By the time President Roosevelt was sworn in, the Cuban situation had become acute. By April those of the Cuban Oppositionists exiled in the United States had formed a united front. By the end of April the revolutionary Junta meeting in New York was thrown into a flurry by secret overtures from one of Roosevelt's brains trust. The Junta was asked to agree upon its demands and was given to understand these would be met. Sumner Welles hastened to Cuba and took up negotiations between Machado and part of the Oppositionists. The University Students, however, repudiated his efforts. "We cannot enter into any discussion, even by proxy, with our executioners and assassinators or acknowledge a juridical status which we will continue to consider illegal."

It now became a race between this diplomatic solution and a spontaneous uprising throughout the island, with secret army and labor units of the A. B. C. and O. C. R. R. swinging into action. A diplomatic agreement could not be reached, for its sine qua non was the elimination of Machado, who now suddenly breathed fire and brimstone against the United States.

Undoubtedly the mediation of Welles—of course labelled unofficial—hastened subsequent events. Machado was taken into custody by the army and permitted to leave the country. The change of régime entailed an estimated loss of sixty lives, a bagatelle compared to the "thousand murders" of Machado.

The formation of the coalition government, hastily patched up, headed by De Céspedes, former ambassador to Washington and personal friend of Roosevelt, with a cabinet more or less hand-picked by American aid, involved us deeply, more deeply probably than was desirable. For the new administration was at once torn between the constitutional gentility demanded by Welles and the real forces behind the overthrow of Machado which were demanding that the old-time politicians all be swept into the dust-bin, that the government declare itself frankly revolutionary, that the economic and political renovation be launched immediately through the calling of a constitutional assemblage.

De Céspedes sought a compromise by declaring invalid the constitutional changes engineered in 1928 by Machado—as the Supreme Court had vainly done on two previous occasions—and abolishing the Congress elected with machine-gun tactics under Machado. All this over the protest of Welles.

Undoubtedly the tug-of-war between the new government and the United States regarding the conservation of rather doubtful forms of legality was one of the underlying causes of the second military coup in the first days of September, when officers of the army were deposed by the lower ranks under the leadership of Sergeant Fulgencio Batista. The Youth elements in the new government feared the gradual insinuation of the older politicians into the folds of the government and the betrayal of the revolution which would then make all proposals to revamp Cuba's constitutional system ineffectual.

Most of those in the new military Junta have a record of long self-sacrificing struggle against the previous tyranny. President Grau San Martín and Secretary of State Portela, both university professors, were thrown into the Isle of Pines penitentiary four years ago because they had refused to continue teaching at a university occupied by bayonets. Sergió Carbó, Secretary of War and Communications, was the editor of the suppressed magazine, *La Semana,* which first exposed the unbelievable brutalities of General Ortiz. Carbó was arrested and later fled into exile. José Iziarri, economist and writer, was much persecuted. Against Machado's improper arrest and military trial of Ramiro Valdes Daussa, whose brothers were later ruthlessly assassinated by the government, Borah protested on the floor of the American Senate. Julio Guanard, editor of suppressed *Karikatao,* was arrested and fled into exile. Guillermo Barrientos had to flee into exile and became the student representative of the New York Junta. Octavio Seigle, prominent lawyer, and author of a vigorous pamphlet attacking Guggenheim's support of Machado, lived in poverty in Miami.

One of the aims of dictatorship is suppression of opposition leadership. This creates a situation in which the dictator is apparently indispensable. Who can take his place? Hence on the fall of a dictator, it is difficult to achieve immediate stability, for only through trial-and-error method can strong, competent leadership assert itself. All that can be said of the new Junta, behind the Grau government, is that it is composed, not of politicians, but of younger men who have fought the immoralities of the dictatorship.

Through outside coercion, the new government in Cuba may fail. Through failure to unite the various factions, the inevitable outcome of dictatorial suppression,

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the government may not consolidate its power. As this article goes to press, the possibility that Grau, backed by the meteoric Colonel Batista, the student and professor groups, and part of the labor movement, may not survive is strong. His government is faced with strikes, communism, armed revolt, political machinations, armed mutiny and threatened internal dissension. Even more than the De Céspedes government, Grau is pulled between the fear of American intervention which invokes cautiousness, and a country going rapidly more revolutionary which is taking the solution of various economic problems into its own hands by seizures of sugar estates and factories. The parallel with the Kerensky 1917 government in Russia has already been pointed out. The energies released by the overthrow of Machado are far greater than our American diplomatic representatives originally believed. In any case Cuba has passed definitely into the hands of its youth movement, a new generation determined to renovate Cuban life on a broader basis of social and economic justice, and insistent upon full Cuban autonomy. The new and inexperienced officials may revert to some of the evils of past political practices—probably they will—but in any event, the next few years are likely to witness a continuing effort to establish a new deal in Cuba. In this effort many conflicting interests will be involved, both domestic and international.

III

The problems confronting the new régime are enough to daunt the bravest. Machado left the island in ruins. The sugar and tobacco industries are shattered. The mass of the people were and are unemployed and they have no access to the land. Revenues and trade have declined to a point lower than at any time this century. The foreign debt eats up nearly half the national income. The teachers have gone unpaid for nearly a year, other employees nearly as long.

Today the white ghost of Cuba is sugar. This dread spectre of Cuba's once flourishing industry stalks the sun-drenched land, striking fear through every heart. Her consort has been black-robed tyranny; behind her is a trail of murder and desolation and starvation. Ex-Ambassador Márquez Sterling recently wrote: "Sugar-cane does not make colonies happy, or a people cultured, or republics opulent; and the independence we won with the war against Spain, we must consummate in a war against sugar-cane, which perpetuated in the golden island an inexhaustible tradition, the despotism of the major-domo and the hatred of the slave."

Undoubtedly Cuba was happier in Spanish days when the crops were more diversified, when land-holding was more equitably distributed than in recent years. The Cuban *guajiro* or peasant has been reduced to a proletarian status, enjoying a few months' work a year at a miserable salary and semi-starvation the rest of the time. Today the sugar industry has drifted almost entirely into the hands of the banks, an absenteeism twice removed, with primary emphasis upon immediate profits rather than the welfare of the industry and of the people engaged in production.

The key to the prompt, but not necessarily to the fundamental, solution of Cuba's major problems is the rehabilitation and reorganization of the sugar industry and the sugar market. This is not merely a domestic problem; it is also international. And here the new government is likely to meet its first snag in its program of Cuba for Cubans.

We owe Cuba a debt with regard to sugar which we have largely ignored. Trade reciprocity was more or less the promise we gave in return for the adoption of the Platt Amendment. During the World War, Cuba expanded her sugar industry at our request to help us in the fight against Germany. Sugar and geography made Cuba declare war on Germany. Geography and sugar made Cuba more than ever an American vassal. Both have cost Cuba dearly, for most of her subsequent economic disasters are due to her willingness to co-operate with us whole-heartedly during an international crisis, to bend every effort to expand sugar production at the expense of all other crops—and to let us reap the cream of the profits and subsequently protect ourselves at her expense. Of all our foreign allies, we treated Cuba, the best of all of them, the worst. But the ingratitude of nations is proverbial.

Quite aside from this moral obligation, we have contributed to our own economic suicide in order to protect the artificial beet-sugar industry in the United States. Sugar can be grown more economically in Cuba and Java than in any other two places in the world. It was to our own interest to safe-guard Cuban sugar rather than promote the industry in Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines where production costs are higher. The benefits which we should derive from a flourishing condition in Cuban sugar are threefold: Cuba has been and might be one of our most important world markets; it is now ruined. Cheap production costs should mean cheaper sugar for the American consumer. Only a little over two per cent of our rural population is engaged in the sugar production; the whole nation consumes sugar. The policy of a high tariff and the bankers' Chadbourne Plan for mulcting the Cuban sugar industry has cost the American consumer over two hundred million dollars annually. And finally, sugar is a necessary war-time product. We cannot produce enough for our domestic needs, and it is one of the twenty-seven products listed by our War Department which are absolutely necessary in time of conflict which we cannot supply from within the con-

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fines of our own country. To create a system by which sugar shall be grown in the Philippines at the expense of Cuba's production is to jeopardize our national security. The American market should be opened to Cuban sugar on an equal basis with our insular possessions. A sliding-scale system could be worked out which would protect the American beet-growers without permitting them to fleece the American public.

At the same time Cuba should bend every effort to diversify her crops and open up the land to her starving people. This again brings the problem back to the sugar companies which control most of the available land. If Cuba is to meet her problem successfully, she must take steps to create a planned sugar industry, conserving the most efficient sugar plants and seeing that they are so distributed as best to provide for domestic and foreign needs; she must devise a system by which the lands not needed for sugar cultivation be made available for her people. Just as the oil pipe-lines in this country were made common carriers to avoid complete oil monopoly, so the company railroads in Cuba, which now have a stranglehold on vast areas, whole counties and towns, should be made accessible to all who wish to pay for their use. The same should be made true of the present company ports. Taxation should be more equitably distributed. At present the burden of taxation falls upon urban property, the last refuge of the Cuban, rather than on the powerful foreign companies who have made the greatest profits.

These steps would give Cuban labor a better bargaining power. The dispositions forbidding the importation of ignorant black labor from Haiti and Jamaica should be rigidly enforced and heavy penalties put upon any one who makes use of smuggled labor. Cuban labor should be given protection not less than that guaranteed by our own NRA.

Only a broad-gauge meeting of this problem can bring Cuba out of the economic doldrums and make her again a going concern; for to enforce labor scales without providing a market for sugar would court disaster. Cuba, though she is insisting on being relieved of our tutelage, should have our co-operation, which she earnestly wants, in undertakings which are conditioned by her relations with us.

Tax equalization should extend to public utilities. The public utility companies had a direct protector in Machado, former official of one of the largest companies, who reduced taxes for them, refused to permit the safe-guarding of proper labor conditions and allowed the raising of rates to outlandish figures, while making consumers' strikes a treasonable military offense.

The new government will never make its way and at the same time meet the foreign debt obligations. A moratorium is imperative to avoid default. In the interim of non-payment these loans and the manner of contracting them, in some cases in violation of the Platt Amendment, should be carefully examined and the debt justly scaled down.

Such, in any event, are some of the problems, about which Young Cuba is concerning itself; and the solutions proposed are those here presented. Against these efforts will be brought to bear every sort of pressure upon the new government and upon Washington. But if any one is likely to see with sympathy that the Cubans should have the same right to take steps to restore national economy as we ourselves have, especially when their crisis has been even worse than ours, that Cuba is equally entitled to a New Deal, it is the present incumbent of the White House. The advantages to both Cuba and the United States of a completely Cuban solution are so great that our government should lean backward, even accepting property loss and the temporary emigration of resident Americans, rather than resort to armed intervention, which would render such a solution impossible, which would pile upon us grave responsibilities without evolving any real Cuban capacity for self government, and which would bring upon us the reproaches of all of Latin America.

GREEN TREE, MY BODY

By Gilbert Maxwell

Slowly the puzzled brain in shaping a thought
Has come upon this truth beyond denial:
Only by grief is the stupid body taught,
Only by cold and fear and the fire's trial. . . .

Green tree, my body, that had grown so tall,
Wherefore, I said, are you so stricken now?
Sere is the leaf, and shortly with its fall
Sorrow will lie like snow along the bough. . . .

Slowly the mind made answer: "Though the root
Be nourished in distress, the bough shall bear
In greater measure, wisdom for its fruit;
The thorn of grief shall blossom on the air!"

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Henry George: Unorthodox American

By Albert Jay Nock

The sixth of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *biographies of men who have influenced America.*

A DEPRESSION was on in the year 1864. In those days depressions did not go by their Latin name as a rule, except when people wanted to put on airs about them, but were called by the simple English name of hard times. This streak of hard times lay very heavily on the Pacific Coast. It was aggravated by a great drouth that burned up the grain crop and pasturage, and killed most of the cattle on the ranches. There was no business in farming or ranching, industries were closed down, and commerce was at a dead halt.

At this time Henry George was twenty-five years old, living miserably in San Francisco, where, after a long struggle with misfortune, he had set up in a small way as a job printer. He had a wife and child, and his wife was shortly to give birth again. He could get no work, whether at printing or anything else, nor could he ask help from any one, for all the people he knew were wretchedly poor. Long afterward, speaking of this period, he said that as things went from bad to worse—

"I came near starving to death, and at one time I was so close to it that I think I should have done so but for the job of printing a few cards which enabled us to buy a little corn meal. In this darkest time in my life my second child was born."

When this event happened he had no money, no food, no way to provide his wife with any care; he was alone in a bare lodging with a helpless suffering woman and a new-born baby. In a desperate state of mind he left the house and took to the last resort of the destitute.

"I walked along the street and made up my mind to get money from the first man whose appearance might indicate that he had it to give. I stopped a man, a stranger, and told him I wanted five dollars. He asked what I wanted it for. I told him that my wife was confined and that I had nothing to give her to eat. He gave me the money. If he had not, I think I was desperate enough to have killed him."

Henry George had seen depressions before. When he was sixteen years old he saw one in Australia, where he lay in port for a month as foremast-boy on an old East Indiaman sailing out of New York for Melbourne and Calcutta. There he found times "very hard ashore, thousands with nothing to do and nothing to eat." Two years later, in 1857, another depression threw him out of work in Philadelphia and sent him wandering to the Pacific Coast. After 1864, too, he was to be wrecked by still another depression, when the appalling hard times which followed the panic of 1873 broke up in succession two newspaper enterprises which had employed him, and he was once more set adrift and penniless.

Thus it was that the question occurred to him, why do these depressions happen? Why should there be any hard times? Nobody seemed to know. People took depressions as they took tuberculosis or typhoid, or as people in the Middle Ages took the bubonic plague, as something bound to happen, something that had to be put up with. They had always happened about once every so often, undoubtedly would always go on happening, and that was that. Yet in the nature of things there seemed no reason why they should happen. There was plenty of natural opportunity for everybody, plenty of everything that anybody could possibly need. The country was not poor and overpopulated—far from it. On the contrary, it was fabulously rich and had only a thin and straggling population. Nevertheless, every so often, with a strange regularity, hard times came around and vast masses of the people were left without work and without bread.

There must be some reason for this which no one had as yet discovered, and Henry George made up his mind that if he lived he would find out what it was.

Somehow he did manage to live. By one means or

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another he got over the peak of his greatest distress, and four years later, in the winter of 1868, he came from California to New York on an errand for a newspaper. He was then not quite thirty years old, and did not even yet have a dollar in his pocket that he could call his own. New York showed him something brand-new in his experience. Up to this time he had not been in a position to see any great show of inequality in the distribution of wealth. Life was simple in the Philadelphia of his boyhood days, and in the rough and new California of his youth one person lived much like another. But now, in the New York of 1868, he saw our western Palmyra in all the shoddy glory of its post-war period, and by all accounts it must have been a most dreadful sight, as repulsive as the pens of Dickens and George William Curtis pictured it. Shoddy riches, shoddy show, shoddy ideals and taste, shoddy people—and on the other hand, whole populations of troglodyte slum-dwellers living at an almost inconceivable depth of wretchedness and degradation.

Years afterward George said that here "I saw and recognized for the first time the shocking contrast between monstrous wealth and debasing want." What was the cause of it? Again, nobody seemed to know. Like depressions and plagues, it was taken as part of the regular order of nature. It had always existed in large commercial and industrial centers, apparently it was bound always to exist, and it seemed to be just another one of the things that had to be put up with. There was no cure for it, so far as anybody knew. All that could be done was to take some of the curse off it by charity of one sort or another, and this was being done; in fact, it was beginning to be organized on a large scale, more lavishly perhaps than in any other country.

Nevertheless, George reasoned with himself, the thing had to have a cause, for nothing in nature ever happens without a cause. If that cause could be found, a cure might be found; but trying to deal with an effect without knowing anything about its cause would be mere fumbling in the dark. Here, then, was a second question, to which George pledged his lifetime for an answer. The first question was, what is the cause—not any superficial and apparent cause, but the true fundamental cause—of recurrent industrial depressions? The second question was, what is the true fundamental cause of the enormous inequality in the distribution of wealth?

George succeeded in answering these two questions to his own satisfaction while he was still a comparatively young man. This was the only success he ever had in his life; whatever else he touched failed. His one success, however, such as it was, led him through one of the strangest and most remarkable careers ever achieved in America, or for that matter, in the world.

II

In principle, as the politicians say, Henry George's boyhood followed the course laid out by the story-books that used to be written around the romance of American life. He did not exactly run away from school or run away to sea, but he did what came to the same thing. He served notice on his parents so firmly that they decided to let him have his own way. In the matter of schooling they perhaps thought it was just as well, for he seems to have been an all-round failure at any kind of book-learning. Between the ages of six and fourteen he tried his luck at four different schools, three of them private schools, and all of them first-rate as schools went in those days—and probably they went about as well then as they do now—but he was not worth his salt at any of them. He worried through the grammar grades, entered the high school, stuck at it almost half a year, and then struck his colors for good and all; he never had another day's schooling.

He said afterward, rather austerely, that in his half year at the high school he "was idle, and wasted time." He may have done so, but if he did it was exceptional, for as boy or man he was never shiftless or dissipated, but always a hard worker, with an uncommon amount of intellectual curiosity and scientific imagination. The worst of him was that he was hasty and impatient, and of a roaming, restless disposition which probably made his parents think that his best hope of getting any kind of discipline lay in the forecastle, and that since he wanted most of all to go to sea, it might be the best thing for him if they should let him go.

One matter connected with this period in his life is worth notice. When he was forty years old, he suddenly appeared before the world as the master of a superb English prose style, a style that very few writers have equalled. Everybody of any literary experience at once began to wonder where in the world he could have got it, and how, and when. His record was open. With virtually no schooling, he had been a sailor, a typesetter, a tramp, a peddler, printer, shopclerk, newspaperman, weigher in a rice-mill, ship's steward, inspector of gas meters, gold-seeker, farm laborer. There was clearly nothing in any of these pursuits, or in all of them put together, to raise a man's prose style to that high level. How did he come by it?

It is usually said that he learned to write by hard practice, mainly between 1865 and 1870, and it is true that his actual career as a writer began in that period. But he did not get his style then, for he always had it. Scraps of a diary that he kept on shipboard show that he wrote the same clear, precise, and beautiful English at seventeen that he did at forty. For example:

"Wed. 11. I was roused out of a sound sleep at twelve o'clock to come on deck and keep my watch. On turn-

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ing out I found a great change in the weather. The wind had shifted to N.W., and come out cold and fierce. The ship was running dead before it in a S.E. direction, making about eight or nine knots an hour. After keeping a cold and dreary watch until four A.M., we were relieved. . . . In the afternoon all hands were engaged in getting the anchors on the forecastle and securing them for a long voyage. The colour of the sea is green on sounding, the shade varying according to the depth of water, and a beautiful blue outside; and so very clear that objects can be seen at a great depth."

Or this, which any critic would pass unquestioned as having been written by R. H. Dana—

"The wind, which had been strong from aft the day before, during the middle watch died away and was succeeded by a calm until eight A.M., when a stiff breeze from the south sprang up, accompanied by shadows of rain. At twelve M. all hands were called to reef. While reefing the fore-topsail, the parrel of the yard gave way, causing a great deal of trouble and keeping all hands from dinner. It was two-thirty P.M. before our watch got below to their plum-duff, which had been allowed in honour of the day. The rest of the day was rainy, with wind constantly varying, keeping us hauling on the braces. Thus closed the most miserable Fourth of July that I have ever yet spent."

When a boy of seventeen turns off such English as that, day after day, for his own eye only, no one should be surprised at what he does for the public eye at forty. It is not easy to hit just that blend of precision, clearness, simplicity and grace—let the reader try it. George never wrote a sentence that needed a second reading to tell not only what it meant, but the only thing it could possibly mean, or be made to mean. In this respect he stands with the most formidable champion of the established order that he ever had to face—Professor Huxley—and with all its force of clearness and precision, his style has also a grace of warmth and color which Huxley's has not.

But as George himself would have said, a man's style must come from somewhere, it must have a cause. A person is not simply born knowing how to do that sort of thing. More probably he got it from the kind of English that he was brought up to hear and speak at home, and from his familiarity with the English of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. Such of the family's letters as exist are extremely well written, and his schoolmates and cronies—Bishop Henry C. Potter and his brother, Bishop Horstmann, James Morgan Hart, Doctor R. Heber Newton and his brother—were certainly bred to have a decent respect for their native tongue, so in all probability George heard excellent English from his infancy. His father was a vestryman of old St. Paul's, who brought up his children in the strict ways of old-style Evangelical Protestantism, with the result that Henry seems to have known the King James Version practically by heart, so that his own English may have been modelled, more or less consciously, on its narrative style.

He went to sea in April, 1855, and his voyage on the *Hindoo* lasted a year and two months. She was an old wooden affair of 600 tons, in none too good shape, bought second-hand for a kind of tramp service after twenty-five years of hard wear and tear as an East Indiaman. She went out of New York in lumber for Melbourne. The record is that she carried half a million feet, which seems close to an overload for a ship of her tonnage—an awkward cargo, at any rate. She took a deal of tinkering, as the passage just quoted from George's journal shows. Before she was a week out her tiller broke in half, rotted at the core, but fortunately the sea was calm enough to let the crew fix tackles on the rudder to steer by, while the carpenter rigged a new gear. Except for incidents like this, and a few days' stretch of heavy weather in the Indian Ocean, the voyage was uneventful, enabling George to learn the sailor's trade in as easy circumstances, probably, as he could have had. His captain seems to have been a very good sort, who saw to it that the crew got as decent treatment as the state of the ship allowed.

George did not go ashore much, though the *Hindoo* lay off Melbourne nearly a month. He looked the town over once, and did not care for it. This was three years after the gold rush of 1852, and a "readjustment" had set in—in plain language, hard times—which made everything look down at the heel. All the people he saw were poor, idle, and dejected. Calcutta also disappointed him. He did his duty by the scenery up the river, finding it very fine, and he took in the features of native

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life that seemed quaint to an American eye, the bamboo huts, home-made earthenware, the strange shape of the river-boats, some of which, he wrote, "had sails to help them along, in which there were more holes than threads." He noticed the handsome country residences of the rich English living on both sides of the river, and also, by way of contrast, the number of corpses floating downstream in all stages of decomposition, covered with obscene black birds picking them to pieces. "The first one I saw filled me with horror and disgust," he wrote, "but like the natives, you soon cease to pay any attention to them."

Altogether it was not quite the India that a boy dreams of at a distance. He found it, as he afterwards said, "a land where the very carrion birds are more sacred than human life." A brief look at things ashore was enough for him, and when the *Hindoo* had got her thousand tons of rice aboard, he was glad to leave the land and go back on the open sea. He had sailor's blood in his veins, by his father's side of the family, two generations back, which may have given him something of the true sailor's virtuoso spirit. At the end of a year's voyage, although looking forward eagerly to seeing his family and friends in Philadelphia, he wrote in his journal, "Oh, that I had it to go over again."

The sea was not through with him, however. After the reunion with his people was over, the next thing was to cast about for something to do. His father got him a place with a printing firm to learn typesetting, where he stayed nine months, long enough to become a good journeyman compositor, and then quit in consequence of a row with his foreman. He had an offer from another firm, but the pay was nothing worth thinking of, and he did not take it. The depression of 1857 was coming on, and the few employers who had a place open were offering sweatshop terms. Finding that there was simply nothing doing in Philadelphia, he went to Boston, working his way on a topmast schooner that carried coal. There was nothing doing there either; so, on his return, attracted by reports of the fortunes being made on the Pacific Coast, he shipped on the lighthouse-tender *Shubrick*, which was going on the long voyage around the foot of South America, for service out of San Francisco.

While learning his new trade of typesetting in Philadelphia, he took lessons at night in penmanship and bookkeeping, with useful results. When his handwriting was fully formed, it was small and highly characteristic, but very clear and neat. Part of his father's idea in having him learn to set type was to improve his spelling. Like some other great writers, notably Count Tolstoy, he could not spell. This branch of the mechanics of writing seems to call for some obscure kind of natural gift or aptitude, which George never had. He thought typesetting helped him a little, but it could not have helped him much, for he misspelled even the commonest words all his life.

While he was working at the case, too, there happened one of those trivial incidents that turn out to be important in setting the course of one's life. He heard an old printer say that in a new country wages are always high, while in an old country they are always low. George was struck by this remark and on thinking it over, he saw that it was true. Wages were certainly higher in the United States than in Europe, and he remembered that they were higher in Australia than in England. More than this, they were higher in the newer parts than in the older parts of the same country—higher in Oregon and California, for instance, than in New York and Pennsylvania.

George used to say that this was the first little puzzle in political economy that ever came his way. He did not give it any thought until long after; in fact, he says he did not begin to think intently on any economic subject until conditions in California turned his mind that way. When finally he did so, however, the old printer's words came back to him as a roadmark in his search for the cause of industrial depressions, and the cause of inequality in the distribution of wealth.

III

Like all those who anticipated Horace Greeley's classic advice to young men, Henry George went west for quick money and plenty of it. He had no notion of mining, but of prospecting; that is to say, his idea was not to work a mine, but to pick up mineral land, and then either sell it or have it worked on shares with somebody who would do the actual mining. In short, as he would have phrased it in later years, his idea was to

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make his fortune by appropriating the economic rent of natural resources, rather than by applying labor to them.

But there were too many ahead of him who had the same idea. Although the mineral region of California is as large as the British Isles, he found that these lively brethren had pre-empted every foot of it. He tried Oregon with no better luck, living meanwhile as best he could, by all sorts of expedients—farm work, tramping, storekeeping, peddling—and when he finally went back to his trade, he did it as only another makeshift, for the vision of sudden wealth still haunted him. In a letter to his sister he says that in a dream the night before he was "scooping treasure out of the earth by handfuls, almost delirious with the thoughts of what I would now be able to do, and how happy we would all be"; and he adds wistfully that he supposes he dreamed all this as starving men dream of splendid feasts, or as desert wanderers dream of brooks and fountains.

His trade kept him only very precariously, for times were not easy even then, and there was no great demand for printing or printers. He got a job with one newspaper, then with a second, where, he says, "I worked until my clothes were in rags and the toes of my shoes were out. I slept in the office and did the best I could to economize, but finally I ran in debt thirty dollars for my board bill." He left this job and went adrift again; and then, with no work, no prospects, and with but one piece of money in his pocket, he made a runaway match with a young Australian girl named Annie Fox.

They married not wisely—there is no doubt about that—but wonderfully well, for their marriage appears to have remained perfect until his death in 1897 dissolved it. Balzac called attention to a little-known truth when he said that "a great love is a masterpiece of art," and there are probably about as few really first-rate artists in this field as in any other. Moreover, a masterpiece in this field of art must be a collaboration, and the chance of two first-rate artists finding each other is extremely small, practically a matter of pure luck. A Daphnis in any age may wander over the whole earth without meeting a Chloe, and a Cynthia may survey whole legions of men and never see a Claudius. George's meeting with his wife was almost the only piece of sheer good luck he ever had, but it was a great one. On the night of the twelfth of October, 1883, he wrote this note, and put it by her bedside for her to find next morning:

"It is twenty-three years ago tonight since we first met, I only a month or two older than Harry, and you not much older than our Jen. For twenty-three years we have been closer to each other than to anyone else in the world, and I think we esteem each other more and love each other better than when we first began to love. You are now 'fat, fair and forty,' and to me the mature woman is handsomer and more lovable than the slip of a girl whom twenty-three years ago I met without knowing that my life was to be bound up with hers. We are not rich—so poor just now, in fact, that all I can give you on this anniversary is a little love-letter—but there is no one we can afford to envy, and in each other's love we have what no wealth could compensate for. And so let us go on, true and loving, trusting in Him to carry us farther who has brought us so far with so little to regret."

George kept to his trade, since nothing that looked more lucrative turned up, and after his starving-time of 1864 he began to make a little better living as a printer, though not much better, and he also began to consolidate some sort of position in San Francisco. No sooner was he fairly launched, however, than he threw his future to the winds by enlisting in a filibustering expedition to help out the Mexican patriots who were fighting the French emperor's ill-fated scheme for setting up a vassal empire in Mexico, with the Austrian Archduke Maximilian on the throne. The expedition was a comic-opera affair, planned in a fashion that amounted to piracy, and Providence certainly stood at George's elbow when the Federal authorities put a stop to it before it got under way.

Not satisfied with this grotesque performance, George immediately went into another. He took part in organizing the Monroe League, which was to father a second crusade into Mexico. The league had an elaborate ritual which might have been got up by Gilbert and Sullivan, swearing in its members on a naked sword and the republican flag of Mexico; and Mrs. George, poor soul! was sworn in as the only woman member. One wonders what she really thought of it.

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The league shortly perished of inanition without having done anything, and George made no further efforts in behalf of the afflicted Mexicans.

These two incidents reveal the one defect in George's natural endowment, which in spite of his superb gifts, his prominence, and his apparent influence over a large and enthusiastic public, made him in the long run ineffectual. He was unquestionably one of the three or four great constructive statesmen of the nineteenth century, perhaps of any century—he ranks with Turgôt. His character was unmatched in the whole public life of his period. He was nobly serious, grandly courageous, and so sincere as to force even his enemies, of whom he had many, to speak well of him. He had great brilliance, some wit, and the command of a fine irony; but he had absolutely no humor. He was as humorless as Oliver Cromwell, a born crusader of the Old Testament type, convinced that he had an Old Testament mission to hew Agag in pieces. All his life he had labored under the unhumorous man's inability to learn what none of us probably enjoys learning, that Truth is a cruel flirt, and must be treated accordingly. Court her abjectly, and she will turn her back; feign indifference, and she will throw herself at you with a coaxing submission. Try to force an acquaintance—try to make her put on her company manners for a general public—and she will revolt them like an ugly termagant; let her take her own way and her own time, and she will show all her fascinations to every one who has eyes to see them.

IV

George now committed himself to newspaper work, moving from paper to paper in all kinds of capacities, from typesetter to editor and part owner, and by 1868 he had become prosperous enough to start a bank account. His editorial career was very spirited; he was in one row or another all the time, and while it may be said that in his treatment of State and local grievances he was on the popular side, he always lost. He made things lively for the Associated Press news monopoly, but though he got an anti-monopoly bill through the legislature, all that happened was that the monopoly broke his paper. He fought the Wells-Fargo express monopoly, and lost again—too much money against him. He attacked the Central Pacific's subsidies, and ran for the Assembly as a Democrat on that issue, but again there was too much money on the other side—the Democrats lost, the Central Pacific quickly bought up his paper, merged it with another, and George was out.

So it went. Every turn of public affairs brought up the old haunting questions. Even here in California he was now seeing symptoms of the same inequality that had oppressed him in New York. "Bonanza kings" were coming to the front, and four ex-shopkeepers of Sacramento, Stanford, Crocker, Huntington, and Hopkins, were laying up immense fortunes out of the Central Pacific. The railway was bringing in population and commodities, which everybody thought was a good thing all round, yet wages were going down, exactly as the old printer in Philadelphia had said, and the masses were growing worse off instead of better.

About this matter of wages, George had had other testimony besides the old printer's. On his way to Oregon a dozen years before, he fell in with a lot of miners who were talking about the Chinese, and ventured to ask what harm the Chinese were doing as long as they worked only the cheap diggings. "No harm now," one of the miners said, "but wages will not always be as high as they are today in California. As the country grows, as people come in, wages will go down, and some day or other white people will be glad to get those diggings that the Chinamen are working." George said that this idea, coming on top of what the printer had said, made a great impression on him—the idea that "as the country grew in all that we are hoping that it might grow, the condition of those who had to work for their living must become, not better, but worse." Yet in the short space of a dozen years this was precisely what was taking place before his own eyes.

Still, though his two great questions became more and more pressing, he could not answer them. His thought was still inchoate. He went around and around his ultimate answer, like somebody fumbling after something on a table in the dark, often actually touching it without being aware that it was what he was after. Finally it came to him in a burst of true Crom-

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A Separation

A STORY

By Morley Callaghan

WHEN his mother went away Philip was ten years old and a little short for his age, though his legs were beginning to lengthen out and look skinny. As soon as his mother left the house he began to notice that even the small things from day to day were not the same. Night after night his father came home and sat alone with his own worried thoughts, usually in the big leather chair with his head thrown back and his eyes wide open.

Philip's father was a broad-shouldered man with thick black hair and a smile full of warmth when he was in good humor, but on these nights, just to look at him moving listlessly with such a solemn face made Philip feel lonely in the house. And he said to him one time, "What's the matter, Dad, don't you feel good?"

"I'm all right, Phil," his father answered, looking up with surprise and a sudden amused gentleness.

Philip tried to accept this answer, standing with his hands linked behind his back and a puckered smile on his face. He started to speak, hesitated gravely, then blurted out, "Maybe if Mother comes back everything will go on like it did before. Won't it?"

"Listen to me carefully," his father said. "I don't want you to mention your mother again. I don't want you to even think about her, do you hear?" he added sharply.

"I hear."

"And you'll remember, mind."

"All right, Dad," he answered timidly, turning his eyes away into a corner of the room. But he felt hurt. His face looked sullen and confused as he shuffled away uneasily. He began to feel vaguely resentful and then angry at his father. Sitting down in a chair, slouching, with his legs crossed at the ankles, and making absurd little noises with his lips, he let himself think of his mother, all kinds of wild hopeful thoughts, till he felt farther and farther away from his father and almost out of the room and in a fine exciting world.

Only a little while ago his father used to come home in the evenings and say, "What have you been doing today, young fellow, riding a white horse, or were you a pirate on the Spanish Main? Come here and tell me about it." With his blue eyes full of eagerness, Philip would tell of everything he had thought of doing on the way home from school. But on these days, with no one bothering much about him, his hair was always tousled, his shoes weren't cleaned as they used to be, his stockings were often twisted carelessly around his legs, and he wore the same green pullover sweater nearly every day. Also he had got into the habit of playing hookey from school with his friend Buddy Hawkins and going uptown to the big stores and hanging around all afternoon and then walking home and having fine talks about all kinds of things; or sometimes in the evenings, when his father had gone out, he would sneak out and meet Buddy on the street. Philip began to like being on the street in the evening almost better than anything. He and Buddy would go down to the corner by the drugstore where some of the big fellows in long pants were standing talking about the ball game, or girls, or fighters, and Philip would listen with his round face tilted up enthusiastically, ready to laugh loudly at any kind of a poor joke. He and Buddy would stay there till some one said, "For the love of Mike, chase those little kids out of here. Go home and tell your mother she wants you." Then Philip and Buddy would saunter away, sit down by themselves on the curb, and talk about getting long pants in a year or two and make bets about things they never expected really to happen.

Ever since the time when Philip had been warned not to mention his mother, or think about her, he had been shy with his father, but he was keeping out of his way mainly because he did not want to have to answer

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difficult questions about himself and school. One night, after dinner, his father, who was looking good-humored and almost contented, said in a mild, coaxing voice, "Well, son, how's everything been going with you these days? How are you getting on?"

"All right, I guess," Philip said with a restless twist of his head.

"You don't talk like you used to. What's the matter, Phil?"

"Who, me? Nothing at all's the matter," Philip said. His face began to get hot. His father began to stare at him as if he had concern so deep that he was unable to express it, a fear that in a few months his boy had been drawn away from him, or even turned against him. "I don't want you to keep out of my sight, Phil," he said earnestly. "There's no reason for that, is there?"

"I'm always around the house," Philip said.

"Don't you like being just with me, son?"

"Sure I like it, Dad."

"We used to be great pals, you know, Phil."

Philip couldn't think of anything to say, so his father added, "You're feeling stubborn about something." He began to look disappointed, as though sure of hostility in his son. "This won't do at all," he said coldly. "And you'll have to get used to things."

Philip got up from the table and followed his father from one room to another, looking up eagerly and trying to get his eye so he would see how much he liked him, feeling too awkward to say anything. His father paid no attention to him.

The third time Philip stayed away from school, his father was told about it and he spoke to Philip; it was the night Mr. Moyer, an old friend, came to the house, but about half an hour before he came, "Come here, Philip," his father said, looking hard-eyed and brusque. "Where were you this afternoon?"

"At school," Philip said.

"You're a little liar," his father said, grabbing hold of him roughly.

"I'm not lying, not really. Let go my arm. Oh, you're hurting."

"I want the truth, always the truth," his father said, slapping Philip and watching him cower away with his elbows up over his thin face. "If you think you're going to have your own way entirely around here, and do just as you please, you're mistaken. You've not been going to school. The Lord knows what you've been doing. And all the time around here, you're pouting and looking sullen as if you had no use for me." He slapped Philip again. "From now on you'll do what you're told and stop lying and being deceitful, do you hear."

"I won't ever lie to you again, Dad."

"See that you don't. [illegible] crying now and go on out to the street for a while. Mr. Moyer's coming here and he shouldn't see you like that."

Dragging his feet, Philip got his peak cap and went out to the street with his head down. From his coat pocket he pulled out a withered old horse chestnut with a cord through it and stared at it attentively while he swung it around his finger. Mr. Moyer would be coming along soon, he thought. He did not want anybody to see him while his eyes were still red from crying, so he walked along the street the length of the block to the corner. The street lights had just been lit. On the other side of the street, he saw Buddy Hawkins carrying a big paper bag, and he started to run, calling, "Wait a minute, Buddy." When he crossed the street he said to the other kid, "My dad found out about me staying away from school."

"Gee, maybe my father knows too," Buddy said. "My mother hasn't said anything yet. What did your father say, Phil?"

"He gave me a licking."

"I guess I won't go near your house for a while."

"Come on and hang around a while," Philip said, wanting company very much, but Buddy said, "I can't. My mother's waiting for these things. So long."

Whistling thinly, Philip leaned against the lamp post. At first his thoughts were jumbled, and he looked up and down the street, wondering where to go, then his thoughts became more vivid and he remembered the last time his mother had come to see him. It had been on a mild evening clear and fine and not very late, and the kids he had been playing with had left him and he had sat down for a while on the pavement before going into the house. His father, who had been out that evening, had made him promise to be in bed by ten o'clock. Sitting on the curb, in front of the house, he had looked up and seen her coming along the street, a tall woman dressed with elegance, with a fresh lovely face. He had jumped up and run toward her to take hold of her arm and had chattered away while leading her into the house. She had seemed to know his father would not be in at that hour, and sitting beside him, patting his head and laughing gaily, she had felt so happy she had begun to cry. He had said, "Why are you crying, Mother?" and she had said, "I'm just feeling happy, that's all." She had asked all about himself and had brought him two books of adventure stories. Then she had said, "Always make a little prayer for me at night, Philip, and I'll make one for you." Her lovely face had been smudged with tears as she hurried away.

Philip went on thinking about this very gravely. He began to wonder why it was, if his mother loved him and his father used to love him so much, that they did not always want to be together. He figured out that his mother had been glad to be in the house, and his father wasn't really happy when she was away. Why couldn't something be done, he wondered. Perhaps if

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they only understood how much he loved them both, they would want to be together. He had a sudden buoyant hope that his father might understand this clearly, if only he could go home now and do something to make his father very proud of him.

So with slow, conspicuous movements he entered the kitchen where his father and Mr. Moyer, the neighbor, were drinking a few bottles of beer. The two men were talking slowly, pausing from time to time to get the matter clear. As Philip, curling his cap in his hands, sat down, he didn't exactly want to be noticed, yet at the same time he would have liked them to speak to him. Mr. Moyer, a fat kindly man with thin reddish hair curling over a shiny pink scalp, had already taken off his coat for an evening's drinking. Philip twisted faintly the corner of his lip in a grin and Mr. Moyer gave him a sociable smile. Philip gave his father a broad, half-ashamed, good-natured smile, but his father, with a gloomy frown of despair on his face, didn't notice him and went on talking. "I suppose I ought to get used to the situation," he was saying.

"You're letting it go on worrying you too much, man."

"I can't help it."

"You make a mistake, John," Philip heard Mr. Moyer say. "It was a case of both you working at cross purposes. Not just her. So you've got no right to hate her, you know."

"I don't hate her. You don't understand what I mean," Philip's father said, looking bewildered and indignant. "I don't hate anybody."

"I always liked Elsie myself. Of course I knew her well."

"You knew her, sure you did, and did you ever imagine she wasn't satisfied? I don't know what to believe now."

"Maybe she knows now she made a mistake, and if you got hold of her and talked straight . . ."

"No, that's out of the question. I couldn't rely on her again."

"Come on, John. Don't have such a tough spirit. It isn't like you at all."

"Supposing I did forgive her? Would it alter my own feeling?"

"I think candidly, since we know each other so well, that you might be generous enough to welcome her, if she hinted she wanted to try again."

"Am I not entitled to have any feeling at all about it?"

"Sure you are, and she's entitled to have some pride too. I say it would be a mighty generous gesture if you went to her yourself," Mr. Moyer said.

"Thank God I've got some pride myself. Oh, I know, you think I'm stubborn. Maybe I am, but . . ."

Philip noticed Mr. Moyer nodding toward him and saying, "Better drop the subject for a time, John." Philip had kept on lifting his head every time his father spoke. He knew they were talking about his mother, and every time his father spoke the disappointment within him grew heavier. But he liked Mr. Moyer for being so polite and agreeable about his mother. Mr. Moyer was saying, "He's a nice boy," and Philip ducked his head.

"He's growing up and getting wise like they all do. I had occasion to whip him tonight for not telling the truth."

"He's all right," Mr. Moyer said. "My wife often wishes we had a boy like him instead of all those girls of ours."

"You'll have less trouble with the girls. I don't know as I can rely on anything Philip says, and he gets stubborn and sullen, too. Look at him. Isn't he the dead image of his mother, sitting there? He's beginning to remind me of her every time I look at him. He's got all her little ways and does just what he wants, too."

Philip, feeling ashamed, and wanting to run out of the room, tried to smile first at one, then at the other. And Mr. Moyer, forcing a laugh because he, too, was embarrassed, said, "You can't blame the kid for looking like his mother, can you?"

"I suppose not," Philip heard his father say. "Only I don't expect much. I haven't much faith in him, that's all."

"Sh, sh, have some sense, John. You're making the kid feel bad."

Philip looked up once at his father who said, in a milder voice, "Better run along to bed, son."

In a single breath and with his head down, Philip said, "Good night, Dad, good night, Mr. Moyer," and he left the kitchen.

But he did not go to bed. Pulling his cap well down over his eyes, he went out, closing the door quietly. The way things were going he did not know what he could do. As he stood on the doorstep, with the night air cooling his flushed face, he had a sharp aching feeling of separation from everything he had ever liked. He clenched his fists stubbornly. He kept looking eagerly along the street. Then slowly he shuffled down to the sidewalk and began walking toward the corner. "I'll go way. When I'm big I'll come back and then things'll be different," he thought.

At the corner, in an aimless way he crossed the street, and then after standing still a few moments, he crossed back again, thinking steadily of strange places he could go to till he grew older, thinking of places very far away till his imagination began to unravel many pictures in which he saw and heard himself speaking distinctly. But after a while he thought fearfully, "If Mr. Moyer goes and dad finds out I'm not in

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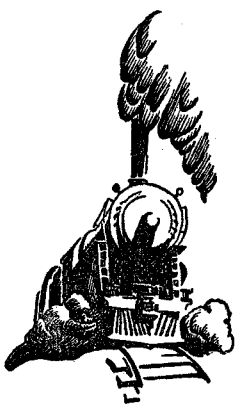
bed, there'll be trouble," so he started to hurry back to the house.

In the hall he brushed against Mr. Moyer, who was saying, "Good night, John." Both men looked very solemnly at Philip's scared face that kept twisting uneasily away from them. "Good night, John," Mr. Moyer repeated before he left.

Philip's father said to him when they were alone, "Where have you been, son? I thought you went to bed." He spoke in a mild coaxing voice and without waiting for an answer he walked away. He was frowning as if something was hurting him and he could not free himself. Twice he patted Philip on the shoulder when he passed him, with a faint, embarrassed smile on his face that quickly disappeared. At last he sat down beside the boy and began to speak with a mild diffidence, trying all the time without hurrying to find certain words which would explain that he was sorry. All he actually said was, "We'll be great friends again, boy," and he played awkwardly with Philip's arm, squeezing it hard, sometimes looking at him, and sometimes letting his own thoughts wander away.

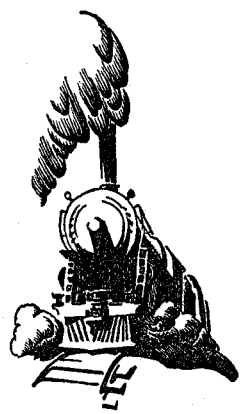
Philip was still timid, but he began to like feeling his father's big hand patting him on the shoulder so steadily as if he were proud of him, and he could sort of feel them being drawn close together while his father was silent with such an eager expression on his face. He glanced up shyly. Then he said with sudden confidence, "I feel all right, Dad." His father, who had been watching him very humbly, took a deep breath and said, "That's fine, son. Everything will be all right. I'll do everything I can do. You understand?" Philip didn't know exactly what his father meant, and he hardly dared to let himself try and figure it out, so he just sat there feeling big with hope.



The Railroads— Old Soldiers of Industry

Anonymous

The author of this outspoken criticism of railroad bureaucracy, because of his official position, must remain anonymous.



THE railroad industry today resembles an old soldiers' home, and I say that sadly. I grew up in a railroad atmosphere at a time when railroading was a national romance. My stepfather was a railroad executive. I ran my first train with church hassocks at the age of six; sneaked away from home on Saturdays to play among the freight cars in the team yard across town; took a college course in railroad engineering; and got my first job on one of our largest trunk lines. I loved it—the coal smoke, the whistles and bells, the rasp of the hand brakes and the clang of the link and pin couplings. In the ensuing twenty-odd years I have constructed and maintained railroad way and structures, operated terminals and handled traffic matters, including actions before the Interstate Commerce Commission and similar regulatory tribunals. Railroads were my first love and are today almost my greatest weakness.

But they are a weakness, unfortunately, in the truly literal sense. Sympathetically as I view them, I can no longer accept their infallibility. From being the great pioneers in transportation they have become only fair imitators of their progressive competitors—that is, where they have deviated at all from their conventionalities. Convention and reaction—resistance to change—are well-recognized attributes of "The Old Soldier."

If I were a surgeon and Old Soldiers were worth saving (which I most emphatically believe the railroads are), I would make an examination before prescribing or operating. Fortunately the railroads have real assets in stout hearts and an indomitable will to live.

II

Most of the railroad troubles today are traceable directly to the human element. The further one examines the symptoms the deeper the roots extend until the malady is traced back squarely to the president and the board of directors. Most railroad boards have very little direct contact with railroading and view the railroad industry as a potential money-making machine rather than, what it really is, a public-service instrumentality. Following the war period of federal control, the railroads emerged with their money-making abilities sadly

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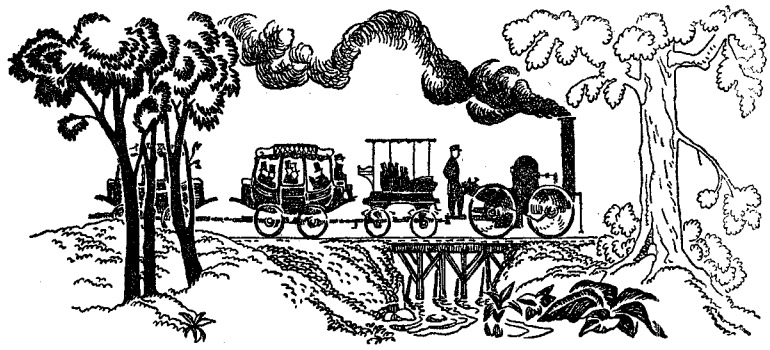
impaired. The primary thought of their directors, and accordingly of their chief executive officers, was to restore them to their previously enviable gold position. In doing so, no thought was given to the changed conditions confronting the railroads from a service standpoint, and scant attention paid to developing the usefulness of the operating and traffic departments—the backbone and wishbone of the railroad skeleton.



Thus the directors, impressing upon the presidents in 1920 and 1921 the necessity for rigid economy, improved standards of maintenance, and increased solicitation of traffic, sponsored no real development work in the field of increasing the usefulness of the railroad industry as a transportation medium. All this was taking place at a time when the automotive industry, in its adolescent years, was forging ahead by research and experimentation until, within a period of less than a decade, its total investment equalled approximately that of all the railroads combined. The contrast between the stupendous growth of the automotive industry in the past three decades and the comparative stagnation of the railroads during the same period is painful.

And this automotive development did not take place under boards of directors containing a goodly sprinkling of representatives of banks and insurance companies interested in automotive securities merely as profitable investments; nor under a directorial policy of trying to secure a profit out of the business without regard for customers' requirements or recognition of competitors' advances in the art. Nor were the executives of the automotive industry—and the same is true of other industrial upstarts such as radio, rubber, rayon, oil, air transport—during this fast-moving decade, men who had grown up in the business, with eighty to one hundred years of convention and reactionary thought behind them. They were, for the most part, a typical twentieth-century executive product with university training and modern ideas of production and merchandising.

The railroad managements are filled with men who have grown up (and this to their very great personal credit) from rate clerks, telegraph operators, brakemen, etc., whose habits of thought have been formed in turn by superiors who grew up through the same channels and who have placed a premium on conformity, precedent, and a vague and indefinite idea of adherence to certain old traditions, regardless of the fact that popular thought with respect to control of such type of industries has progressed far beyond the mental concepts of those engaged in administering them. America went forward but the railroads lagged behind.

Thus we have a picture, since 1920, of railroad presidents bedevilled by boards of directors into trying to secure profits out of a moribund industry, fighting a rear-guard action with younger, virile and more aggressive competitors; and these presidents, in turn, forced to rely upon subordinates elevated to responsible positions through a system of longevity and company regularity. Individual initiative and enterprise down in the ranks have been smothered under an impressively top-heavy, bureaucratic organization, in turn goaded by a constant cry of economy into resisting all suggestions of change through fear of additional expense; and at a time when a vigorous policy was most needed to advance and improve each company's only product—transportation.

It is this stagnating influence at the top that has made possible the development of a host of parasitic services, feeding on the railroad body, which should have been offered to shippers by the railroads themselves. It is this attitude that finds expression in the type of equipment which the railroads are hauling today. It is this same resistance to change that has weakened the industry with vulnerable financial policies of forty years ago, when other modern industries have built their storm cellars through providing reserves and depreciating book values. Most important of all, the attitude that past practice makes precedent has destroyed all vestige of individual initiative, and produced a competitive policy of watching your neighbor and vetoing his new suggestions lest they lead to increased expenses.

A certain legendary quality surrounds railroad executives; an attitude that is fostered by their acolytes much as pagan priests protect their wooden gods. Shippers for generations have appealed to railroad executives for consideration of their transportation problems as though to feudal lords. Their only recourse has been expensive litigation before regulatory tribunals, where the railroads, with their well-paid legal retinues, enjoyed distinct advantages. Social as well as industrial history records that the rôle of suppliant endures only so long as there is no alternative, and the advent of other transportation agencies gave shippers their golden opportunity. The first clouds on the horizon, in the shape of

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a few thousand wartime motor trucks and short pipe lines, did not convey to cloistered railroad eyes any suggestion of approaching difficulties until they were fairly caught in a deluge of competition. The railroad managers, however, instead of awakening to their responsibilities and grasping the new opportunities thus presented, continued to promise according to their hopes, and perform according to their fears; and to meet all suggestions of change with pious phrases of ambiguity or haughty expositions of the obvious. Even today, with federal ownership staring them in the face and a railroad co-ordinator on their doorsteps, befogged by their own inability to sense the public will, they are arguing among themselves and appointing the inevitable law and traffic committees to determine what, if any, their policies will be in this new emergency.

Any impartial analysis of the situation must admit, for example, that only stupidity and lack of vision have let parasitic service companies skim the cream off the railroad business. The consolidated car-loading and forwarding companies are taking the best of the long-haul, less-than-carload business merely because of the anachronisms in the present railroad freight-rate structure. By way of excuse, railroad traffic experts refer to Rule 10 and a Supreme Court decision regarding marks on shipments. The Pullman Company provides preferred passenger accommodations only because of the railroads' inability to co-operate and their early lack of appreciation that this was a profitable business for which the public would be willing to pay. In this case the excuse is that such an undertaking involves too many big problems in the way of capital adjustment and car-pool management.

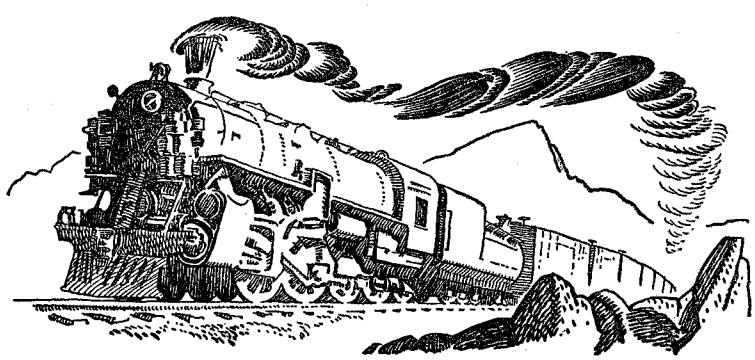
The railroads have only recently taken over the railway-express business after decades of being used for profit. Starting in 1839 with a private messenger service for carrying parcels on passenger trains, the idea spread rapidly over all the railroads of the country, the field in time being dominated by the Adams, American, Pacific, United States, Southern, and Wells, Fargo & Co. While the railroads and express companies each owned approximately $20,000,000 of the other's stock, the express companies operated as private concerns with their own personnel and paid the railroads from forty to sixty per cent of their gross receipts for transportation facilities. In 1918, while the railroads were under federal control, William Gibbs McAdoo, Director General of Transportation, demanded that all the railway-express companies consolidate. This resulted in the formation of the American Railway Express Company, which, in turn, was finally taken over by the railroads in 1929, under the name of the Railway Express Agency.

The Union News Company, car advertising, labor contractors, private car lines (refrigerator, stock, and tank cars, etc.) are all manifestations, primarily, of the indisposition of railroad management to broaden the field of service and take on functions that fulfill a useful public demand, merely because such functions are different from the routine and conventional activities that the railroad man has been familiar with for generations.

III

Only recently I encountered a case where a proposal was made to a railroad general manager on a minor phase of his operations that would have converted a 30-per-cent deficit into a 10-per-cent profit. It meant substituting a lighter and more flexible piece of equipment for a conventional railroad machine, and the sponsor of the proposition offered to provide the railroad with the new equipment unit free of cost. The railroad man, after referring the matter to his *subordinates,* advised that his company had no experience in the operation of the smaller type of equipment and that they were, therefore, not disposed to undertake it.

This suggests some consideration of the equipment situation. Despite the protests of railroad management that there have been constant study and improvement of equipment, it remains, from a utilitarian standpoint, substantially the same as decades ago. Reduction of deadweight and rolling friction have been trivial and are still in the experimental stage. The one motivating idea seems to have been to enlarge the conventional types and make them stronger and heavier. This, in turn, has required larger power, heavier bridges and rails, longer sidings, roundhouses, turntables, etc. As



the passenger trains lengthened, the station platforms had to be lengthened, and the passengers had to walk farther and farther, causing them to wonder whether they were paying for a ride or a walk.

Despite the object lesson of conservative British railroads using smaller and lighter equipment for both passengers and freight, our managers have steadily increased sizes and weights during a period when average loads were declining. The Royal Scot, with 55 per cent

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of the weight of the Broadway Limited, could handle the latter train's usual pay load of from thirty to forty people with comfort. The same is true of freight. The spread of industrial establishments throughout the country, together with hand-to-mouth merchandising and inventory policies, has reduced the average haul and the average load to such an extent that box cars today carry about half their rated capacity, and are spending an increasing proportion of their service life in yards and terminals. It used to be possible for a laborer with a pinch bar to move a freight car on a private siding as necessity demanded, but now the equipment is so ponderous that a locomotive is necessary, and the car, instead of being a transportation aid, has become an immobile and inflexible obstacle.

The automotive industry, on the other hand, brings out something new almost every year and the accessories and deluxe extras of yesterday are the standard equipment of today—and the new unit even costs less. With the exception of air conditioning, there have not been any really new styles in railroad equipment since, as one observer remarked, the Pullman Company introduced slots for old razor blades. It is a striking commentary on the railroad equipment designers of this country that a man with new ideas had to import a sample unit at his own expense from Europe to show to our railroad executives before they would believe such things were possible, and even then there were some conservative enough to question its practicability. When this lighter and faster unit was put to a test beside one of the larger railroad's crack express trains, it developed greater speed and better riding qualities at potentially one-third the operating cost of the conventional equipment. There have been some recent refreshing indications of a changing point of view in the matter of equipment standards, as orders of experimental lighter units by the Union Pacific and the Burlington show. Characteristically, these are western roads where railroading is still an art, pioneering still a habit, and new ideas are not unwelcome because they are new.

IV

Current railroad financial policies are the product of the most reactionary Wall Street thought. For decades representatives of the leading financial houses have been key men on railroad boards of directors, together with representatives of savings banks and insurance companies, who are the principal investors in railroad securities. Such a group, naturally, has viewed the railroad security as the gilt-edged type of investment for their respective, conservative purposes and are not inclined to have it go off the market through any writing down of fixed assets, particularly as it would be done out of earnings.

Railroad bonds were once the nation's premier security and are today largely held by widows, orphans, and older people who do not have day-to-day financial advice. Instead of writing down funded debts in good years the railroads have used increased earnings to increase the dividends and the marketability of their outstanding securities. When the bond issues matured, they refunded them, in many cases with a larger issue to take up any additional capital investment that may meanwhile have been incurred. It is common industrial finance practice, except among railroads, to write down fixed assets and retire funded debt, thus placing the industry in a strong financial position to weather periodic depressions and lean business cycles. The railroads not only do not do this, but create new funded debt to perpetuate an old-fashioned industry. Imagine the shipping industry trying to sell bonds to build more sailing ships.

But it is in the field of competition that The Old Soldiers have really given up the ghost. Railroad executives have for years relied complacently on the theory, to a large extent justified by the fact, that railroads are natural monopolies. It is the habit of thought inculcated by such monopoly that is serving the carriers so poorly now that the monopoly is but a memory. Up to a decade ago their only competition was with each other, but even then there had been developing over a period of thirty years, a gradual restriction of competitive opportunities, through federal and state regulation. They have for so long regarded each other as their principal enemies, and have concentrated so fiercely on this family foe, that they have, until very recently, ignored or overlooked the individually small but myriad menaces from highways, waterways, and airways.

Railroad recognition of these latter "devils" has been largely in the form of abortive and costly legislative and publicity campaigns aimed at smothering rather than assimilating and profiting from their competitors. There have been a few noteworthy sorties into the field of highway bus operation, directly by such roads as the Union Pacific, New Haven, Cotton Belt, Burlington, and the Boston & Maine; and indirectly through substantial interest in independent bus companies such as the Pennsylvania's Greyhound Lines. Collection and delivery of freight at the store door, long a commercial fact in Great Britain and Canada, are being tried for less-than-carload freight on something approaching a wholesale scale by such roads as the Cotton Belt, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, Boston & Maine, and Louisville & Nashville, but in almost all other cases the service is so circumscribed with territorial and other tariff exceptions and surcharges as to make it impotent to compete with independent highway operators.

Considering their failure to win widespread public

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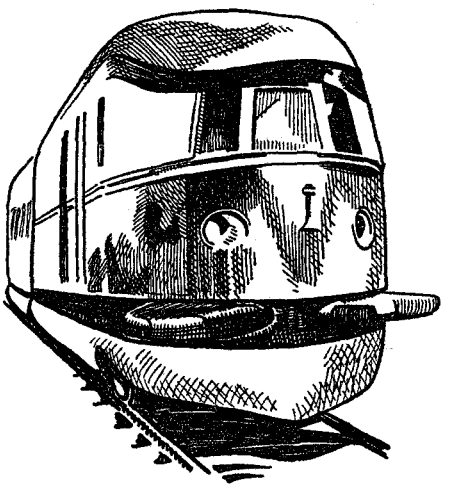
admiration for progressiveness the carriers' results to date in handicapping their competitors have been nil. They have not been able to smother motor trucks with punitive and restrictive legislative action; nor waterways by killing appropriations; nor airways by cancelling mail subsidies and other government aids. They have failed miserably to appreciate that the public wants these new forms of transportation because they are useful, and that no public servant is apt to run counter to the desires of the electorate by taking steps that the majority of the electorate will view with disfavor, merely to protect a certain vested interest, however ancient, honorable, and magnificent.



In their competition with each other, and in an effort to prevent what they imagined was a concerted effort on the part of the shippers to play one railroad off against another, they have formed "mutual protective associations" with various names. Thus we are confronted in our efforts to approach the "new deal" with groups like the Trunk Line Association, the Central Freight Association, the New England Freight Association, etc., with numerous committees and sub-committees on rates, classification, and God knows what, which meet in periodic huddles over congested conference tables—all with the selfsame idea of preserving the status quo and resisting any possible changes. Here is merely an attitude of fright, a narrow, technical concept of rates based on costs and service based on what the weakest roads in the Conference can afford to do. Operating officials likewise have their associations; and, lastly, the presidents, to whom all the other subordinate associations invariably defer on items of any consequence, have their own regional Presidents, Conference Committees, and the all-highest Association of Railroad Executives. There are too many of these associations in restraint of progress. Association and committee procedure, as developed and practised by the railroads, limits the progress of the industry to the mental capacity of the slowest member, puts a discount on brains and a handicap on individual initiative.

Public operation, the nightmare of railroads and Wall Street, is inferior to private operation only if the industry is a live one and responsive to public need, safety, and convenience. If it is a sick industry, both may be equally bad. It is characteristic that an active and healthy industry does not seek or rely upon governmental aid and regulation. Its cry is a lusty one for freedom of action, and for the right to meet and improve upon the practices of its competitors. While railroad management is under a severe indictment for its failure to meet public needs or produce net earnings, its present position is traceable largely to the policies of its parent financiers; to railroad labor unions and their stupefying full-crew laws (instead of encouraging smaller, faster, and more frequent trains, each with smaller crews but the same total number of men); frozen-rate structures that embrace only a partial transportation service; out-of-date and cumbersome equipment; and an attitude of unwillingness to enlarge or extend service or modify rate bases so as to compete with other transportation agencies.

V

Having explored the condition, let us consider some of the possible cures and, if no cures are possible, at least some palliatives that will keep The Old Soldiers going and, maybe, make them more useful citizens. In making suggestions of this kind, of course, one lays oneself open to the charge of being an irresponsible reformer, an impractical theorist and an industrial socialist. It is my contention, however, that railroad management and not mere chance is responsible for having brought the railroad industry to its present state of ineptitude.

One cure, increasingly advocated, is government ownership, but this is a confession of defeat. I propose to base my recommendations on the premise that private operation is worth saving, and that the private owners and operators have the ability to carry on. Likewise, I feel there is a distinct public opposition to government ownership, particularly in more normal times, based on the characteristic American attitude that any healthy, normal man resents government interference in his private affairs and will support his neighbor in this point of view as long as he does not violate the law or threaten the public health or morals. It is not a far cry from public health to public necessity and convenience and the element of public interest with which the railroad industry is, perforce, endowed. It is this endowment that gives the public the right to criticize the way railroads are run, a circumstance that railroad executives have stupidly but consistently denied.

In the first place, I would try a little blood transfusion for the purpose of toning up the entire system. I would not only admit, but would purposely seek out, able young executives in other fields and coax them to enter railroad service. Other industries have never hesitated to drain the railroads of their talent, so why not

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reverse the process and secure some of the men who are making good in production, distribution, advertising, engineering, sales promotion, etc., in that other world which the railroads serve? You can't create a specialist in any one of these fields merely by giving an Old Soldier the title—which the railroads have tried to do.

Secondly, I would encourage men throughout the organization to submit their ideas, by providing a clearing house that will prevent such ideas from being smothered by immediate superiors down in the ranks. This could be done by establishing an office on the president's staff, co-ranking with the heads of all departments, for development work, and allowing such office a budget of at least one per cent of net revenue for experimentation. The value of this office would be measured, not by how little it expends each year, but by the number of new ideas unearthed and actually tested. If it doesn't find new ideas, get a new head for it. There is a vast, untapped fund of creative thought down in the ranks that the executives do not sense because they seldom come in contact with it, except in a well pasteurized or denatured form.

Thirdly, I would encourage and insist on executives cultivating and soliciting suggestions of shippers, and commercial and civic associations, rather than shunning them. Such contacts could be valuable to the carriers in improving their public relations and as listening posts for their standards of service. The various Regional Advisory Boards made a half-hearted attempt at this, but their procedure has become so ponderous and benefits so one-sided as to be of little co-operative value—and the National Industrial Traffic League still has to be the militant watchdog of shippers' interests. Of course, nothing worth while will be gained if executives merely pursue the old-fashioned method of soliciting business by throwing parties, or the equally obnoxious granting of hearings to persons with whom they should be conferring on a friendly and informal basis. Time and again, I have heard shippers complain of being granted hearings, at which they were expected to tell all they knew, while the railroad representatives merely listened and promised to take the matter under advisement—more like a confessional ceremony than a conference. It is a real mistake forever to expose shippers to subordinate railroad representatives who have no power to grant or deny any of the requests or suggestions.

Fourthly, I would abolish all railroad traffic associations and committees and either discharge or put back to work the men who comprise them. If there is anything that acts more slowly or has fewer constructive thoughts than a joint railroad-rate committee, I don't know what it is. It typifies the adage that a board is something long, narrow, and wooden. Under this antiquated committee system a progressive road, wishing to try some new rate or service idea, may be outvoted or so browbeaten that it is afraid to call its tariffs its own. This is gang rule—or gag rule. It ought to be a felony for a Class I railroad to ask permission of its neighbors to institute something new on its own system, or for other roads to attempt to restrain or coerce such a carrier.

Fifthly—and this is most important—I would seek a liberalizing of the membership of the carriers' boards of directors so as to make them sensitive to the needs of the industry. If the owners of large blocks of railroad securities will not do this then, in the public interest, government may have to amend the railroad-corporation laws. When this is done, the maximum number of board members representing banks, brokers, financiers, insurance companies and trustees might well be limited, as a group, to say 20 per cent of the total, and some representation specified from the producing and merchandising fields.

Lastly, if the human element in railroading can be revitalized, by surgery or therapy, the technical problems of administration and operation will inevitably take care of themselves. Given the right sort of men, with reasonable freedom of action, undivided responsibility, definite authority, and the support of railroad-minded boards of directors, the carriers will lift themselves out of their depression. It will not be done so easily, however, under a system that ties a president's hands by having his subordinates report directly to the board of directors, as this establishes the management on the committee plane of organization, with all the defects of divided authority.

At this point I could conclude with detailed suggestions as to how to absorb parasitic services, develop new equipment, simplify tariffs, modernize financial policies, broaden and increase service usefulness, meet outside competition effectively and regulate and co-ordinate interline competition; but these subjects have all been treated, *in extenso,* by previous writers and I do not differ materially with them as to detail. Most of the suggestions are becoming classic and will in time undoubtedly be adopted.

My premise is that man makes the machine, and as he fashions it so it will run. Given the right sort of men *at the top,* the railroad industry will solve its own difficulties. How to get them there is our national railroad problem. Possibly Commissioner Joseph B. Eastman, Federal Co-ordinator, is the answer, for he is very near the top and is pre-eminently the right type of man. Given a continuance of the present system of management, the railroad industry, like our Old Soldier, is extremely likely to become a public charge for future generations.

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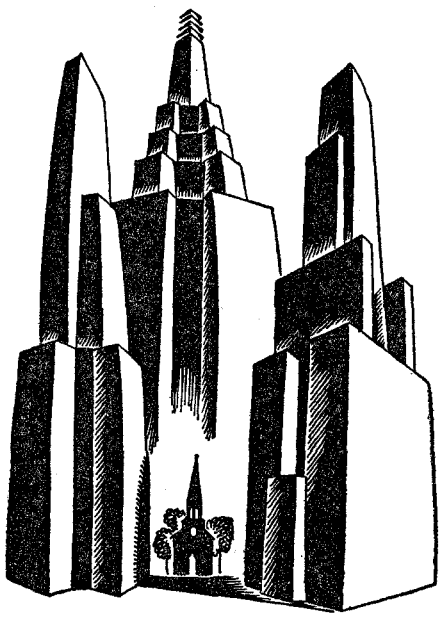
Is Religion Dying?

By William Pierson Merrill

A New York minister who was a member of the commission which produced the much-discussed report "Rethinking Missions" tells what religion can do to be saved. A Catholic view of the future of religion by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet will be published next month.

Voices all about us are proclaiming that Protestantism is a spent force. Some are saying the same about all religion, predicting a "twilight of the gods," asserting that man, as he gains wisdom and maturity, is outgrowing that dream of his childhood.

But even those who believe, with Sabatier, that "mankind is incurably religious," and discern a real difference between Santa Claus and Christ, must meet a steady barrage of depreciation directed against Protestantism. Literary lights, such as Chesterton and Belloc from the one side, and Walter Lippmann from the other, publish brilliant ante-mortem funeral addresses over the dying figure of the Christianity of the Reformation.



In confident defiance of such judgments I wrote in my notebook for January, 1932, "The religious hope of the world is in an honest and purified Protestantism." That sentence voiced my reaction to religious conditions in India, where I was serving as a member of a group making an intensive study of Christian missions and of the people and faiths to which they were related in Asia. At the time I was being brought into frequent and intimate contact with the feeling that the religious hope of mankind might be in a fusing of faiths, the emergence of some form of religion in which Christianity, Hinduism, Islam, Buddhism, and all the rest should blend in something better and higher than any of them. It became clearer than ever to me that in Christ is the fulfilment of all the shadowy dreams and longings of this believing world, and that the best hope for the emergence of a Christianity worthy to be the religion of all men everywhere lay in "an honest and purified Protestantism."

The clearest conviction I brought back from that year with the Appraisal Commission was not about the Christian work in Asia, but about the Christianity in America. Every defect found there has its roots in some condition here. I came to be very sure that the best thing we can do for the missionary enterprise in Asia is to clean up our Christianity here at home.

When Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton University, he startled a body of alumni by saying, "Some of you write and ask us why we don't make more of your boys. I will tell you the main reason —because they are your boys." I feel like saying when I address ecclesiastical gatherings, "I can tell you why your missionaries are not better; it is because they are *your* missionaries." The conviction remains, deepening and strengthening daily, that the religious hope of the world is in Protestant Christianity.

Such a judgment may seem audacious to the point of folly. Critics may invoke the adage, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." The more I think about that moss-covered saying, the less I am impressed by it—less than ever since seeing what has taken place in Washington, where one who rushes in has succeeded one who feared to tread. Indeed, as I look back over history, I see plain proof that fools have accomplished ten thousand times more than angels have, largely because they have waded in while the angels stood on the shore, fearing to soil their spotless garments, and waiting for the perfect occasion that never comes.

I am very sure that the religious hope of the world is in Protestant, rather than in Catholic, Christianity. It may be that some fusion of the two would meet the need better than either could meet it alone; but there is on the horizon no gleam of such a day. Up to the present the Catholic branch of the church will consider no fusion, or for that matter no co-operation, except on the basis of abject and absolute surrender of the Protestants; in such an absorption there would be far more loss than gain to Christianity and to humanity.

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Lord Davidson, late Archbishop of Canterbury, stated the case well when he said:

"We have never ceased to make it clear that we can enter no portal of fellowship which has submission graven on its lintel—submission to what would be unendurable because it is untrue. About that we have no vestige of hesitation. And no path which we could possibly tread upon a reconciliation-road is at present even dimly in sight. Yet as we bow reverently before the Lord, 'Who maketh men to be of one mind in an house,' and look onward into the unrolling of His purpose, I dare not myself quite hold it inconceivable that, in the providence of God, a truer light may some day dawn."

It seems clear that no religion based, as Catholicism is, on an audacious, majestic assumption of authority, with no foundation in historic fact, can ever meet the need of a world that has learned to think for itself in terms of reality. Only a Christianity that can live freely and cordially with untrammelled thinking can hope to have power in the world of today or tomorrow.

The distinction between the two great Christian bodies is clearly marked. Western Christianity has come down through the ages in two main currents. The free and the ordered, the prophetic and the priestly, they flowed together in an outward unity more or less real until, about four hundred years ago, the stream divided at some sharp rocks of faith and practice, and has ever since flowed on in two parts.

The Catholic position is clear. It was stated with positiveness on a comparatively recent occasion by the Episcopal Bishop of New York, in a sermon which endeavored to show that the Protestant Episcopal Church is not Protestant. The basis of the Catholic position is that Christ established an order of ministry, appointing His apostles, and giving them authority to appoint bishops as their successors, who should ordain priests; only men so ordained can validly administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Protestant view is that Jesus called His followers into a fellowship, which He left free to develop its methods and orders and administration to suit the changing conditions of the world; and that any men whom the Spirit of God may call are valid ministers of the Word and Sacraments, Christ having left no regular order of priests in His church.

The Catholic position is entitled to respect, in view of its long history, and the number of Christians by whom it has been held dear. But, when we ask for the plain facts of the matter, we find that in all the New Testament there is not a shred of evidence for the Catholic position. It is a sheer assumption. Jesus never said a word which even hints that He contemplated in His church an authorized order of bishops or priests, or presbyters or deacons. The New Testament nowhere states or even implies that such orders of ministry are essential to the church, or that the valid administration of the sacraments has the slightest necessary connection with such a ministry.

The very word "priest" is found in the New Testament statements about the church only fourteen times. In nine of these instances it is applied to Christ exclusively, and in the other five to all Christian believers. That is to say, the very word on which the Catholic view is based occurs in the New Testament only in the Protestant sense.

Careful students of early church history tell us that there is no evidence that in the early church any one system of church order prevailed. Canon Streeter declares, "Whatever else is disputable, there is, I submit, one result from which there is no escape. In the Primitive Church there was no single system of church order laid down by the apostles. It is permissible to hint that the first Christians achieved what they did because the spirit with which they were inspired was one favorable to experiment. In this, and perhaps in some other respects, it may be that the line of advance for the church of today is not to imitate the forms, but to recapture the spirit of the Primitive Church."

But this claim that the religious hope of the world lies in the Protestant, rather than in the Catholic, form of Christianity, by no means gives indorsement to our existing Protestantism. Certainly it rules out reactionary or Fundamentalist Protestantism along with every other variety of authoritarianism. To meet the present opportunity Protestantism must repent, purge itself by the grace of God, and be set free by His living Spirit.

No current label adequately defines the sort of Protestantism one longs to see. Some of us like best the old term, "liberal." Yet at present that good word suffers, both in politics and in religion, from unfortunate associations and misunderstandings. There is just now frequent and unguarded talk about "discredited liberalism." So far as that adjective is applied to the naturalistic liberalism of the nineteenth century—with its naïve assumption that one could rather easily penetrate through the New Testament material, discarding miracle and myth, and come to a purely human Jesus, whose simple and natural faith we could state accurately, and that there, without much use for further development, we would find real Christianity—the judgment is well founded. That sort of "liberalism" is discredited, along with the crass materialistic philosophy that shared its vogue, and the blithe idea that "progress" was inevitable. But it is highly unfortunate that the expression, "discredited liberalism," has been so carelessly employed that reactionaries could seize on it and hold it up as a sign of the abandonment of the theology of spiritual experience which is the true liberalism. This current use of the phrase reminds us of the way in which the announcement by some archæolo-

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gist that he has uncovered a city named in the Bible, or has found on a clay tablet the name of a king mentioned in the Old Testament, is hailed by Fundamentalists as a complete scientific verification of the entire Old Testament history.

The liberal Protestantism which is based on fearless co-operation with the scientific spirit and method, which counts present spiritual experience the most important consideration in religion, and heartily accepts as its standard the revelation of God in human nature, culminating in the life, character, and spirit of Jesus, is not discredited, and never will be, change though it may and doubtless will in detail and form.

But, even at its best, our present Protestant Christianity is not good enough. It must be ready to strike its tents and move on with a world that is moving so fast that it is hard for religion to keep up with it. Where are the right path and the true guide?

We are beset on all sides by movements and counter movements, each containing good, no doubt, but so mingled with poor stuff that one must be cautious. Especially are we distracted just now by the loud buzzing of two "B's"—Barth and Buchman. Liberal Protestantism may and should learn much from each. We do need Barth's new emphasis on true other-worldiness and real supernaturalism, on our utter dependence on God, to draw us back from the crass naturalism, the contentment with social-welfare work, the loss of Divine Transcendence in overstressed Immanence, which have too strongly characterized our Liberal Christianity. And we deeply need the emphasis on personal spiritual experience, on fellowship, on confession and forgiveness, on outspoken testimony, on the joy of a true Christian life, which comes from the first-century Christian fellowship. Yet in neither of these movements is there adequate salvation for Protestant Christianity. We cannot ignore the dangers of a supernaturalism that becomes unnatural, an other-wordliness that seriously impairs social service, a reliance on divine guidance that shades off too readily into magic, a concentrated attention to individual spiritual experience that ignores the crying needs of humanity and the urgent calls for social reconstruction. Nor can we regard lightly the tendency of apostles of both these movements, fervent, sincere, and helpful as they may be, and greatly as we all need their insistence on elements of religion we too easily overlook—their tendency to rhapsody instead of thinking, and to let words and emotions take the place of ideas.

Where shall we go? I give a hopelessly old-fashioned answer:—Back to Paul, and back of Paul to Jesus, his Master. In short, to the New Testament, searched with freedom and thoroughness, set in the full light of our day, making its appeal, as Paul made his, to "every man's conscience in the sight of God." Protestantism must search its sources anew.

Nothing in recent ecclesiastical developments has been more lamentable than the way in which liberal Protestants have allowed the narrow-minded reactionaries to take Paul away from them and set him at the head of the ultra-orthodox procession. How we wish Paul himself could be here to express himself on this matter! The slighting of Paul by liberals, and the adoration of him by ultra-conservatives, is a grotesque travesty, as any real student of his life and letters must know.

No one can understand the mind of Paul who does not—as that leader did—put spirit above all forms and formulas. In a brief but delightful conversation with that irrepressible spiritual leader, Kagawa, I asked him what he really thought about the atonement; did he hold the substitutionary theory? With his characteristic eagerness and facility he replied, "I think just as Paul did. Paul felt that there was something wrong with man, and Christ could make him right. When Paul tried to say what was wrong with man, he used seven parables," said Kagawa. "Now it was a debtor whose debts must be paid; again a condemned criminal to be reprieved; or a burdened traveller to be relieved; a sick man to be healed; a dead man to be raised; a slave to be emancipated; or a wandering child to be brought home. But," said he, his face aglow, "Paul didn't care which parable you used, or if you used some other. All he cared about was that man was somehow wrong, and Christ could set him right."

That childlike but broad and human interpretation of Paul's view of salvation is a good example of what we need to do with all Paul's thoughts and words, with all the New Testament teaching and imagery. It is in some such reinterpretation of the sources of our faith in terms of present, vital experience that we can find the basis for the Christianity the world needs.

Paul was fond of telling his followers of certain things they must "put off," and others they must "put on." It is clear that our Protestantism must put off some things very thoroughly, and put on some others very definitely, if it would meet the religious need of the time. I offer here a suggestive list of a few of these needs as I see them.

Protestantism must somehow rid itself of its conscious or unconscious alliance with the present industrial order and capitalistic system. That does not mean that it must ally itself with socialism or with communism. It means that it must refuse to tie up with any economic or political group. But in the fact that it has been so intimately identified with capitalism and industrialism—a fact which can hardly be doubted in the face of the historical evidence—lies an obligation to make very clear, through incisive condemnation of abuses and full co-operation with constructive measures for their elimination or correction, that it is free from further respon-

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sibility for the glaring defects and persistent evils of the present economic and industrial order.

Protestantism must also break off its unholy alliance with nationalism. The original association of Protestantism with emergent nationalism in the sixteenth century may be defended as wholesome, or as inevitable. But the need of the world now is for a sound internationalism, which will discard narrow nationalism and glorify patriotism by making it indispensable to the larger loyalty. It is easy at the moment to be cynical or doubtful in the face of resurgent nationalism in Germany, with its repercussions in other countries. But inspiring evidence comes from Germany that Protestants there are defending their spiritual integrity. Certainly Protestantism is no spent force in Germany.

There is one more vicious way or habit which Protestant Christianity must put off—that of overemphasis on orthodoxy. For Protestantism is condemned to helpless inefficiency so long as separate groups insist each on its own traditions as the truth by which all must be bound. That way lies suicide.

Theology is important. But imposed theology is wholly vicious. It is immensely important that men shall think about God, and shall say what they think. But it is a sin that men should be compelled to say over what others think. The attempt of small groups to dominate ecclesiastical action by means of threat and intimidation deserves no better name than theological racketeering.

To some of us the most disheartening fact about the opposition to the report, "Rethinking Missions," is its revelation of the wide-spread and tenacious hold of the idea that what matters most in Christianity is theology. In the light of the New Testament such exclusive emphasis on orthodoxy stands condemned as a serious fault. Sound theology is indeed as essential in a soul or in a church as a sound skeleton is in a body. But for the skeleton to protrude is a sign of disease, not of health. A man who is always talking about his bones is a bore. So is the man, or the church, that is always talking about the creed as if nothing else mattered. If Protestantism is to represent truly the sources of its faith, and to appeal strongly to the soul of our day, it must learn how to stand by the faith without lording it over the conscience, how to be at once firm and free.

Other things there are which our Protestant Christianity must put on.

It must put on freedom, with fearless courage. It must put on unity and co-operation to an extent only dreamed of as yet. It was painful to observe at close range the baleful influence of bigotry and sectarianism in some parts of the mission field. On the other hand it caused at once inspiration and heart-searching to note how far ahead of us in the West are many of the missionaries and national churches in Asia. When one saw Northern Presbyterians and Southern Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Dutch Reformed, English Baptists, and some nine other denominations merged in one "Church of Christ in China," he asked himself, "Why can't we do that in America?" And when he saw in North China a few thousand Presbyterians staying out of the United Church because it was too liberal, and a few thousand Congregationalists staying out of it because it was too conservative, he felt sadly at home.

Organic unity is not necessary, and may not be wise. But denominationalism, sectarianism, the spirit of divisiveness, are a curse and a shame, and should be zealously fought by every true Protestant.

Our Protestant Christianity must put on spiritual passion. We lack that something which enabled the Christians of apostolic days to turn the world upside down. In too many cases the world doesn't even know that we are around. We may well hope to catch something vital from present-day Christian movements. Perhaps we are too fearful of extremes. An excess of spiritual fervor might be infinitely better than the respectable apathy of much present Protestant Christianity.

The sure and solemn truth to which all varieties of Christians must give heed, or stand condemned to failure and futility, is that that form of Christianity will most surely endure and most truly serve the religious needs of humanity, which is most simply and thoroughly loyal to the original Christian vision of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." There is in Christ something that is in strange and beautiful fashion one with all that is good and true everywhere, and distinctive in the quality of its own truth and goodness. If all Christians would really believe in Him, so that they would care not a whit for that which means nothing to Him, and care with all their souls for what He holds dear, His church would at last stand, as in Paul's vision, "His very own, standing before Him in all her glory, with never a spot or wrinkle or any such flaw, but consecrated and unblemished."

For the realization of that ideal elements of value will be contributed by all varieties of Christianity. I may be pardoned if I see Protestantism as peculiarly capable of working toward that end. The main thing is that each part of the Christian Church shall give itself, heart and soul, to God as it sees God, to the church as it knows and loves the church, to Christ as leader and to man as brother. The test to which Protestant, Catholic, and all must submit is that laid down by "The Lord and Master of us all" when He said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The more closely we can work and march together, the better. But, however separated, if we all start climbing, and keep climbing, some day we shall meet at the summit, where stands "the Christ that is to Be."

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The Disinherited

A STORY

By Jo Pagano

It was pretty dark by the time I got to the jungle, a mile or so outside of town. Walking along the tracks, I could see the flare of the fire rising above the edge of the gully, and I could hear the mutter of men's voices. I stepped to the edge of the gully and looked down. Heads and eyes turned up to me. There were perhaps a dozen men around the fire, including a couple of kids not over fifteen years old. I felt the quick, sharp appraisal of scrutinizing eyes as I made my way down to them. A five-gallon oil can was set on an oven of rocks over the fire, and I could smell the pungent odor of cooking stew. Bent over the can was a big red-headed man with a scar running down his right cheek. I went up to him and held out the spuds and the one onion I had lifted off the Jap's wagon back in town.

"Have you got enough spuds?" I said, with a mild attempt at jocularity.

He looked at the spuds and then at me.

"Put 'em in," he said.

I pulled out my pocket-knife and peeled the spuds and the onion, then cut them up and threw them into the can. Then I sat down on the ground with my back against a big rock. The smell of the stew made my stomach jump. I hadn't eaten since morning.

Pretty soon it was ready and we all crowded around. The two kids hung in the background. They had white, hungry faces beneath their grime, and I felt sorry for them. We heaped the stew on whatever we had to hold it with, tin cans, cups—some of the old-timers had army plates that they put away very carefully in their bundles after the meal—and sat down to eat. The stew had a sour taste but I wolfed it down. What did I care how it tasted? This time tomorrow I would be home.

After we had eaten—I could have eaten more, but there was nothing more to eat—we washed out the big can and cached it back of some rocks. I rolled a cigarette and leaned back against the rock and looked the other men over. They did not differ essentially from a thousand men I had looked at in jungles and on freights and in flop-houses during the past year. All men who are on the bum have a certain general similarity, regardless of their individual differences. They have all a lean, sullen look about them, and this lean sullenness stamps them like a label. In this group I was looking at now there were, besides the two kids and the scar-faced man, a gaunt old fellow with gray hair and the face of a grocer, a skinny, pimply-faced youth with a couple of teeth missing out of the front of his mouth, two or three Mexicans, a big buck nigger with his chin all broken out in sores, and a hatchet-faced man whom I immediately recognized to be what is known, among men on the bum, as a wolf. A wolf is a man who picks up young boys on the road, for various reasons it is not necessary to go into here. There are hundreds of wolves on the road, and there are thousands of boys who fall prey to them. I mention these things because I want to give a true picture of that group around the fire. It would be easy to make them sound colorful and picturesque. The truth of it is, there was nothing colorful or picturesque or poetic about them. They were just a gang of hungry and filthy men banded together like the remnants of some bedraggled, defeated army; and in their faces you could read the story of malnutrition and desperation, of viciousness and hardship and disease.

I turned my face from them and, lying on my back, folded my hands beneath my head and looked at the stars. And I thought of home. For a year I had been on the bum and now I was sick of it, and I was going home. In that year I had gone a long, long way from home—oh, not so much in actual distance, though I had covered plenty of miles at that. But home is a place that means something clean and decent and sweet, and I had gone a long way from those things in the year I had been away. And now I was going back. For months I had ached to return home, and I had fought against the desire, but now I could not hold out any longer. I

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lay there and looked at the stars and thought of home, and I said to myself: "What's the use? What's the use of going back there?" But something inside of me refused to listen to all the reasons why I could not go back. I kept saying to myself: "I am going home," and I saw my mother and sister before me, and a warm happy feeling poured through me.

A whistle floated out over the tracks.

"There she is."

We all got up except those who were heading north. The two kids, the big buck nigger, the wolf, and a couple of others stayed. As we went up the side of the gully I glanced back and saw the kids looking up at us, their faces red in the firelight. One of them waved. I waved back and ran down the tracks toward the water-tank, raising my coat-collar against the wind.

II

As luck would have it, we found an open box-car and piled inside. I curled up in a corner and went to sleep almost immediately. I woke up with the dawn slipping in through the crack in the door. The men were sprawled out all over the car, and I could smell the close, sour smell of their bodies, and I could hear snores and wheezes from chapped, open lips. I went to the door and looked outside. We were coming down through Glendale. Morning hung like a mist over houses, and once I saw a milk-wagon turning the corner of a street. It seemed strange to see these houses and streets and the milk-wagon, to know that life still went on in houses, that people still slept in beds and had fresh milk delivered to their doors.

The sun was well up by the time we pulled into Los Angeles, and you could hear roosters crowing and you could see people moving about in yards and houses. The freight was pulling in slowly and I dropped off it as we were going beneath a bridge in the north end of town. Up above the bridge was a park, wet and green beneath the sun, and at the base of a road that wound up through the park was a red and white service station. I went into the toilet and washed my hands and face good and clean and then shaved. After I had shaved I felt a lot better, and shivers of excitement were darting through me as I started for home.

But when I turned into our street my legs got suddenly weak and I ducked back of a tree and rolled a cigarette. There was still time to turn back. I could see the lawn and the front of the house and my heart started pounding. At last I threw the cigarette down and started for the house, walking quickly so that I would get there before I lost my nerve. The front door was open but the screen was latched. I rang the bell. In a couple of seconds footsteps came down the hall. It was my sister, Louise.

"Bill!" she cried, fumbling at the latch and throwing the door open.

"Hello, sis," I said, trying to act calm.

"Bill!" she repeated, her voice catching; then suddenly she threw her arms about me. My throat choked up and I blinked my eyes to hold back the tears.

"Where's mother?"

"In the kitchen. Mamma, mamma!"

"Yes dear; what is it?"

"It's Bill, mamma. Bill's come home!"

"Bill? Bill?"

She came running out into the hall wiping her hands on her apron, her hair bouncing over her ears.

"Oh, my boy, my darling boy!" she moaned, throwing her arms about me and holding me close. She was crying and Louise was sniffling and I felt hot tears flooding my own eyes.

"Where have you been? Why didn't you write? Have you been sick?"

"No, I'm all right," I said, wiping my eyes on my sleeve. "Please don't cry, mom. What's the use of me coming home if you're going to act like that?"

"Oh! You look so thin. Are you hungry?"

"No," I lied. "But I'm a little tired," I added. "Have you got any coffee?"

We went into the kitchen. My mother had got a lot older in the year I had been away. Her hair was almost completely gray, now, and her forehead was full of wrinkles. And there was something else, too, a kind of uncertainty about her that I had never seen before. Suddenly I realized that my mother had become an old woman, and there was something strange and unfamiliar about her.

And not only she had changed. The house itself seemed different. The furniture was the same, and the rooms were the same rooms I used to know, but yet some indefinable change had taken place in the house, and I could not understand exactly what it was, but it was like something that is dying. The furniture was getting old now—the kitchen table was badly scratched and the tile on the sink had a big crack running through its side; the window curtains looked a little shabby, and the plaster on the wall above the stove was peeling badly. My mother had on an old dress, and her apron looked as if it had been washed and re-washed until the very grain in the cloth was visible. And even Louise looked old and worn. She is only twenty-two, but she looked at least twenty-six or seven. She was considerably thinner than she used to be and her hair was not kept as pretty as she used to keep it. Louise had always been proud of her hair, I remembered; but now it was done up with a couple of pins in the back and the short hairs on her neck looked unkempt. She had no makeup on and her face looked dry and sallow, and her lips chapped. And her eyes were nervous and un-

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certain too: she kept looking away from me, as though ashamed that I should see her like this, and at the same time there was something defensive in her attitude, as if she were saying: "Well, I can't help it, can I?"

My mother sat beside me at the table while Louise heated the coffee, and all the time I felt this strange thing that was like death in the house. It was a horrible sensation and I kept trying to fight it off. I kept trying to feel happy that I was home, that I was seeing my mother and sister again, but I did not feel happy. I could hardly look at my mother. I looked everywhere but at her and I felt so awkward and self-conscious that I wanted to get up and run out. But I sat there at the table and tried to whip up some response. I tried again and again to feel "I'm home."

"How's dad?" I asked my mother.

"He's—all right."

"Is he still working for McClelland?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's good. It's better than nothing."

I had some bread and butter with the coffee and then went upstairs to take a bath. I wanted to get out of their sight as quickly as possible, but my mother came upstairs with me. In my room she pulled open a drawer of the dresser and I saw my shirts, all washed and ironed. I glanced at her standing there beside the dresser looking up at me with that dazed, fumbling look in her eyes, and a sick feeling went over me. I wanted to say something—anything, to break this horrible strangeness I felt toward her; but I could not think of anything to say. I put my arm around her shoulder.

"Thanks, mom."

"Your suit is hanging in the closet," she said. "I fixed the lining, so it's all right to wear. If there's anything else you want, just call. I'll be waiting downstairs."

She kissed me—a little uncertainly, as if she were not quite sure whether I would welcome the caress—and went out.

The hot-water knob in the bathtub was broken off at one side and I wondered if things were so bad they couldn't even afford to buy a water-knob. Things couldn't be that bad. But still, the old man wasn't making much, and he owed everybody in town, and there was a mortgage on the house. I looked at the broken knob and felt ashamed of myself. I ought to be home helping. That's what other people would say about me, and that was what, standing looking at the knob, I said about myself; but out of twelve months before I left home I had worked exactly six weeks. I hadn't brought in enough to pay for my own board, let alone help the folks out. It was almost impossible to find work. And what little work I did find was all temporary; a day here, a day there. If I remember right, I made about forty dollars in something like eight months. I had looked everywhere for work, and I would have done anything. It is hard, I know, for those who have not confronted such a situation to realize that it can be possible for a man to want work and still not be able to find it. I have heard people say: "If these men really wanted work they could find it." On the bum I have gone to houses and asked to work for a meal and people have looked at me as if I were a criminal because I didn't have a job. Jesus Christ, they must think we like to live like stinking hungry rats.

It looked funny to see myself in regular clothes again. The suit looked as if it didn't belong on me. My neck stuck up skinnily out of the shirt collar, and my hands seemed twice as big as they ought to be, and my knuckles looked like walnuts. Sun and wind had burned my face to a dark, rough brown, and my hair was bleached almost yellow in spots and the skin along the edge of my ears was rough and red. In my overalls these things weren't so noticeable, but in this regular suit and white shirt I looked like a monkey in store clothes. I started to laugh, but suddenly I did not feel like laughing.

I turned and was about to start out of the room when I noticed my books, stuck in the book-case beside the bed. The moment I saw them Janice bubbled to my mind, as if she had been waiting to be remembered. I stood stock-still and looked at the books. I wanted to go over and take out my old "Piersol's Anatomy" and run through it, but forced myself not to. There was no use, I thought, in rubbing it in. I looked at the books for a moment longer, then closed the door softly and went downstairs. There was one thing more I had to do, now that I was home.

III

It took me about a half-hour to get out to the U. I borrowed a quarter from my mother and rode there on the street-car. It was too far to walk. An empty feeling went through me as I approached the campus. It all looked the same, bright and green beneath the sun. They were kicking a football around on the athletic field. I watched them for a minute or two. It was like watching something from a long way off. I wondered what kids in school thought about now. How could they take the playing of games seriously? How could they take their studies seriously? Sitting in their rooms poring over text-books—how could they confine their eyes to the pages? Printed words, printed little dead words telling of dead things: Greece and Rome and the Italy of the Renaissance. George Washington and the British; Lincoln and the Civil War. Dates and names; words and words; and all the time a paralyzed world gasping for breath outside the door. Could they not feel this world, those kids poring over their books inside

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the classrooms? I wondered what they thought of the future. I wondered what they thought when they read in newspapers of the millions of unemployed, of farmers threatening to defend their homes with shotguns against foreclosures, of the miners' children barefoot in the snow; of the bread-lines in the great cities, and the disease and helplessness afflicting millions. What did they think about, reading the dead words in their books?

I stood watching them kicking the football beneath the sun, then turned and started across the campus. The buildings seemed abnormally quiet. It was as though I had been expecting some kind of movement, of vibration in the air, and instead I felt the lack of movement; there was an emptiness that I cannot exactly describe, but it was there nevertheless; it was in the great stone buildings, in the windows, in the grass and benches and trees. I went down a shady walk and came out facing the Arts and Science building. Where I stood was a big elm tree and the tree cut off some of my view of the building but I could see the wide stone steps leading up to the entrance. Something choking closed about my heart. It was on those steps that I had seen Janice for the first time. That was a long time ago that Janice stood on those steps with me looking up at her but right now it seemed as if it might have been only yesterday.

It seemed a million years since I had been a student here, but some of the things that happened to me were like yesterday. I thought of old classmates, of my profs, of the study rooms; I thought of crisp afternoons in the fall, and football rallies, and the whistle of the referee floating up over the stands at the opening of a big game. And I thought of other things. I thought of Janice with her blue eyes, coming in a yellow sweater to meet me; I thought of afternoons walking her home from school, the big front porch of her house and her kid brother Tommy with his fox-terrier and his bicycle with the taped handle-bars. And all the time it was like remembering something from a long, long way off, something out of another life, a life that was dead.

What was I looking for? I stared at the buildings and there was something I wanted out of them, but I could not get it. I didn't know what it was I wanted the buildings to give me, but I longed to feel as if I had come back to something that meant something to me, something that had reality and familiarity, something that would *recognize* me; but it was not there. The buildings were just a group of old stone buildings standing on a green campus with a lot of trees around it, and I was a stranger wandering about looking.

It was late in the afternoon when I got back to the house. I felt weak and tired, all drained out, and my temples were throbbing so hard I could barely see. As soon as I got in the house I said hello to my mother and went right on up to my room. I could not stand being with her. It was a horrible feeling to look at my mother and see that tired face, the tired wavering eyes. I lay down on the bed and tried to go to sleep but I could

not sleep. If I could only get to sleep I could forget for awhile. You can't think when you're sleeping. I lay there and said to myself: "Sleep, sleep." I said it over and over again but the word got mixed up with other words and I thought of all kinds of crazy things. I thought of that Mexican whose legs got sheared off when he fell beneath the train that hot morning going into San Diego. I saw him as plainly as if he were right in front of me, with his hands sticking up in the air like pitchforks and the sickening scream he let out. I jumped involuntarily when I thought of him and something icy trickled through my stomach and I turned over on my side. "Sleep, sleep," I said to myself. And then I thought of Janice. All of a sudden—like that—I thought of her, and something calm and sweet flowed through me. I tried to fill myself with the thought of her. I tried to fill my head and my body and the room with her. I tried to close out everything but the memory of her, but even while I tried something else in me was saying: "What's the use?"

And suddenly I could not stand it any more. "God damn it, God damn it!" I yelled, beating the pillow: and then I stopped short, surprised at the sound of my voice. I looked at the pillow stupidly, and then I got up off the bed and went to the window. Outside children were playing on the street. The sun was going down and the sky was filled with a red glow. Shadows were spreading along the sidewalk. I stood and watched the shadows and the playing children. Janice had loved children. She had always talked about the children we would have when we got married. She had always talked about the children we would have when I finished school and had my degree in medicine and had got started. I looked at the shadows and thought of the children Janice and I would have had if my dad's business had not failed and I had been able to finish school. Looking out the window at the playing children my thoughts kept reaching back into this other

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world, and something inside of me was squirming and squirming. Suddenly I wanted to run. I turned abruptly from the window and started across the room, but when I got to the door I paused. Where was I going? I stared at the knob, then turned and went slowly back to the

bed. "Jesus Christ," I thought, burying my head in the pillow. "Oh, Jesus, Jesus Christ!"

IV

I must have dozed off a little because when I heard the door slamming downstairs it startled me wide-awake. The old man was home. In a few moments I heard voices, and then silence. They were telling him now, I thought. I saw my father with his big shoulders and cold eyes, not saying much but looking and listening, and my stomach twitched nervously. I dreaded the thought of facing him. He is not an easy man to face, with those cold eyes that look straight at you and his bluff, belligerent manner. I rolled a cigarette and sucked at it, trying to get up nerve enough to go downstairs. The door opened. I turned my head and saw Louise, come to call me to dinner.

"Papa's home," she said, looking at me, then at the floor self-consciously.

"I know—I heard him come in."

"Dinner's about ready. Mamma said to come down if you're ready."

She looked up at me from beneath her lashes and I thought I saw her lips quiver a little, but I could not be sure. I wanted to put my arms around her, to tell her how pretty she looked, but the words stuck in my throat. She stood looking at me like that from beneath her lashes for a moment; then went out of the room.

After a few moments I got up and went downstairs. My mother came out of the kitchen. She too had changed her dress and powdered her face a little, but her eyes looked red and swollen.

"Your father's home," she said.

"I know. Louise told me."

"He's in there," nodding toward the living-room.

I turned from her and went in. The sooner this was over the better, I thought. He was seated in his deep chair beside the floor lamp with his back turned partly toward me. The evening paper was lifted up in front of his face but I could tell he was not reading. I saw his huge shoulders, and his big hands on the paper, and I felt smaller and smaller as I went toward him.

"Hello, dad."

The paper rustled and then his body shifted and he turned around. And what I saw was this: I saw an old man with sunken, furtive eyes.

"Hello, son," he said, half-rising wearily and putting his hand out. I shook his hand with my eyes on the floor and sat down on a chair opposite him. And what I felt in those few seconds I cannot put down. There are no words to express the numb, choking feeling it gave me to see what had become of my father.

"Well, how is everything, dad?" I said. I had to say something.

"So-so," he said. "Just so-so."

"Well, it'll pick up," I said. "It's bound to pick up."

"Yes," he said, looking at me out of those wavering eyes. "It's bound to pick up"; but in his voice was neither hope nor conviction.

My mother came to the door and called us to dinner, and we rose and followed her into the dining-room. My father's tread was slow and heavy.

My mother had fried a chicken and as she set it on the table my father looked at it and then at her, but she avoided his glance. And she had fried some sweet potatoes, too, and baked some summer squash. They were all my favorite dishes and she had prepared them all for me, but I found it difficult to eat. I thought of other meals I had eaten, the meals I had eaten on the bum, the watery soup and stale bread in relief agencies, the hand-outs, the stews in jungles: I thought of the jails I had slept in, and the flop-houses, of fast and slow freights, and the army of wandering men and boys running like homeless ghosts across the face of America.

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you like the chicken?"

"What? Oh; oh, sure, it's great."

V

After the meal was over and the last dish had been washed and dried I asked Louise to come out with me on the porch. Now the darkness had completely fallen and lights bloomed in houses and the air was filled with the indescribable, nostalgic scent of the summer night.

"Sit down," I said. "I want to ask you something."

She sat down on the old wicker porch-seat with its sagging back and looked up at me.

"I want you to tell me the truth," I said. "Just how bad are things?"

"Pretty bad," she said, and a kind of grim look came into her dark eyes.

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"I gathered that," I said. "But just how bad? Aren't you working?"

"Working! I haven't worked a month since you left. They're hiring stenographers for ten dollars a week, and even then you can't find a job."

"What about the old man? Is he making enough for you all to get by?"

"He gets twenty dollars a week. Mr. McClelland had to cut him last month. He said he just couldn't help it, business is so bad. But he told papa not to worry; he said he'll always have a job with him, if it's only night watchman. He's been wonderful to us—I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for him."

"Yeah, I know," I said. "But suppose something should happen to the old man; what would mother do? Have they been able to save anything?"

"I don't think so, but there's his insurance. I heard them talking about it the other night. Papa said thank God his insurance is all paid for."

"Christ!" I said. "Do they talk about that?"

"Yes. Oh, Bill!" she said suddenly. "You have no idea how terrible it is to feel a burden on them. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy if I don't find a job. I've thought of leaving like you did, but where could I go? I'm not a man like you."

"I know," I said. "I know how you feel. Tell me, has mamma been crying? I mean, this afternoon? Her eyes looked red when I came downstairs."

She did not answer at once, and then she nodded.

"What about?"

"You," she said, looking at me. "She's so worried about you. She says she doesn't know what's going to become of you."

"Hasn't she got enough to worry about without worrying about me?"

"Well, you know how she is," she said.

"Yeah, I know how she is." I sucked at my cigarette and looked off down the street. A few yards away a dog was sniffing at something in the gutter. I watched him for a moment, when suddenly I heard a bird call. Once, twice; and a whole submerged world of sensations whirled into being. I thought of fields in the night, of the fields of strawberries in Oregon beneath the stars. It was a fleeting recollection and it vanished as swiftly as it had come.

"Do you think I'll be able to find a job?" I asked.

"I don't know where. It's worse than before you left. That's one of the things mamma was crying about this afternoon, she's so worried. There just isn't any work. Both the Jarvis boys have been out of work for months, and they go out every morning looking. I don't know what's going to become of people if something doesn't happen pretty soon."

"They'll get drunk on beer," I said.

"What?"

"Nothing." I took another drag of the cigarette, then looked at her. "It's pretty tough on you, isn't it, kid?"

"Me? Oh! I'm all right. Only I feel so helpless."

"Yeah," I said. "I know."

I finished my cigarette and we went inside. I went up to my room and took off my shoes and lay down in the dark and tried to keep from thinking. After awhile I heard the sounds of the family going to bed. Presently the sounds ceased, and a profound silence fell over the house. I rolled a cigarette and lay in the dark smoking. Twenty dollars a week, I thought. By the time they paid the grocery bill and the taxes and the interest on the mortgage and bought clothes and car-fare there would not be much left over. I thought of the year before I went away, that year when I had not been able to find more than a few weeks' work. If things were even that bad now, let alone worse like Louise had said, it might be months before I could find anything to do. A sick, tangled feeling went through me. "I can't sponge on them," I thought. "Jesus, they're having it tough enough as it is." And suddenly, I thought of Louise when she had come into my room to call me to dinner: I saw her standing before me in her worn dress looking shamefacedly at the floor.

I lay for a moment longer on the bed, watching the way the cigarette smoke curled upward; then I put the cigarette out and got up and went in my bare feet to the window. I held the curtain aside and looked out at the street, cold and gray beneath the street-lamp. The houses all around seemed dead as graves. Somewhere a man was coughing, a dry, rasping cough. That was the only sound. I stood looking out at the street for a few moments, then let the curtain fall and turned back into the room and pulled on my shoes.

At the corner I turned and looked back, but an intervening tree cut off my view of the house. I lifted my coat collar and went on down the street.

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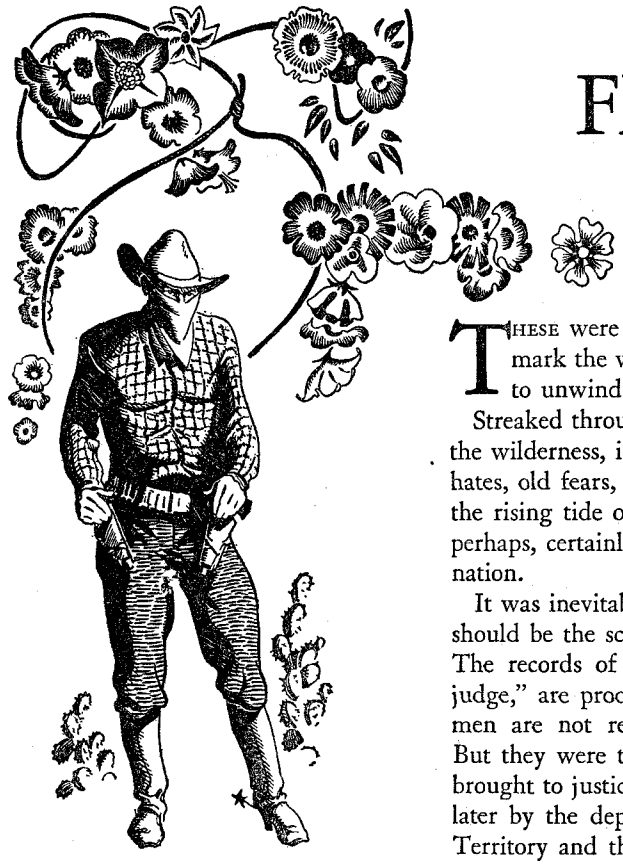
LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES



Flowering Noose

By Gene Shuford

THESE were men. They are desperadoes, outlaws, murderers, whose graves mark the westward march of our civilization; in their study I have sought to unwind the legends, to penetrate the mists, to find some living soul.

Streaked through the history of all the States around me, once borderland for the wilderness, is this dark and criminal growth whose roots run deep into old hates, old fears, the slaveries and struggles of mankind. Black skins, red skins, the rising tide of white faces and desires were fused in a struggle, a progress, perhaps, certainly a change, which is an unforgettable epoch in the life of the nation.

It was inevitable that Oklahoma, the last real hope for a true Indian country, should be the scene of much of this struggle, the root of much of this growth. The records of Judge Isaac C. Parker, known to tradition as "the hanging judge," are proof of the presence of renegades in the Indian wilderness. Such men are not representative of Oklahoma's often quite respectable ancestry. But they were there. They were hounded, they were hunted down, they were brought to justice and hanged in ever-increasing numbers by Parker's men, and later by the deputies of E. D. Nix, United States Marshal in Old Oklahoma Territory and the Cherokee Strip.

It is strange that this and an even larger Western outlaw past have produced so little true literature. Here are hate, pity, terror, given up, in the main, to Hollywood and the pulp paper moguls.

These are portraits of men who turned on life or had life turn on them.

BILL DALTON

One time when I was a boy
A favorite horse of mine
Kicked me behind the ear
When I wasn't looking.
That was the way it was.
Out in California I had made good.
I was elected to the state legislature,
And folk respected me.
Then one day
After the boys' trouble out there blew over,
The papers were full of the Coffeyville affair.
A fellow said, "I notice as how
They killed some Daltons down in Kansas
A-tryin' to rob two banks. Know them?"
"I'm their brother," I said,
And went home to pack up for Oklahoma.
Bill Doolin and I started an outlaw gang
An army of deputies hunted three years.
But from the very start it was Doolin's.
That kick behind the ear snuffed out a divine spark.
I was no longer a leader,
But a lieutenant taking second place,
Offering careful wisdom of a kind
That might have saved Bob Dalton at Coffeyville.
I was an old man and took to smoking a pipe.
When you are young a flame runs through you
As wild and beautiful as the Holy Ghost.
God watches it carefully.
And when there is enough,
He sucks it up into your skull
And you are a great man.
But when the burning wood is rotten,
He stamps out the fire
Like a wet boot.
God saw the Daltons going to hell.
"You too, maybe," he said,
Showing me the whole road ahead.
Numbed by that blow of his
Like the kick of a horse,
I could see no other trail to follow.
God watched me three years;
Then one morning I walked into the yard
And Deputy Loss Hart shot me in the chest.

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LITTLE BILL RAIDLER

Well, Bill Tilghman was behind me,
And whirling in that split instant,
I fired with both guns
At the sound of his voice
While his Winchester was talking twice.
Then I toppled forward on my face,
Firing again.
Some one from the ranch house
Ran out crying that I was dead.
Good God, I was so tough
I survived the most awful wounds
That doctor had ever seen.
Then I went to the Ohio penitentiary
Where I became a close friend
Of O. Henry and Al Jennings.
One day I said to them,
"If I could lie there shut-mouth
While they dug two of Tilghman's slugs out of me,
I reckon I can stand their probing for sin.
But it sure makes me sweat."
When I was released,
I got married and settled down.
Why, men can even endure civilization
If they are strong enough.

CHEROKEE BILL

i

All day long
Outside the great prison at Fort Smith
I heard something beating against the hot brass sky.
I listened carefully
And discovered it was my heart.
But I waited calmly
For the guards to lock us in that night,
And when Lawrence Keating,
Refusing to throw up his hands,
Reached for his gun,
I shot him twice.
Then the other guards came
And I was a crazy man,
Firing wildly
And gobbling like a turkey,
An Indian cry
Which signifies death.
Finally the officers let Henry Starr,
The bank robber,
Come to my cell,
And I gave him my pistol,
Seeing that further resistance
Was useless.

ii

I told the crowd
That I did not want to kill Larry Keating,
Who was a good man,
But that I wanted my liberty.
"Damn a man who won't fight for his liberty!"
I said.
I knew they wouldn't lynch me.

iii

About two o'clock
I said I was ready.
When I got outside,
I looked around and remarked:
"Hell, look at the people;
Something must be going to happen!"
My mother followed me up on the gallows,
Insisting she could go wherever I went.
Then one of the deputies asked if I had anything to say.
"I came here to die," I said,
"Not to make a speech."

SHEPPARD BUSBY

I made a good soldier
Fighting for the Union
In both the Fifty-sixth Illinois and the Fiftieth Missouri.
But when the Civil War ended,
I turned into a scoundrel and a rogue.
I built a log house that was a fort,
Where I lived with two pretty Cherokee squaws
In safety and adultery.
Finally I killed an officer
And was condemned to death.
George Maledon refused to operate the gallows
Because I was a member of the G. A. R.

BILLY THE KID

Let's get at the truth in this matter.
Crowds are made up of fools and cowards,
And the man who sees either himself
Or other men for what they are
Is first damned and then deified.
America took that gnarled rail-splitter, Abe,
Assassinated him, and now he stands,
Gaunt and imperishable stone,
Peering between Greek columns
At passing big-hipped governmental clerks.
I was a good monte dealer, I could shoot,
And I killed a bastard with a jack-knife
When I was only twelve years old.
But aside from this precocity,
I was nothing remarkable.
The truth was,
I was a small-time cattle thief
Who got a lot of advertising.
I will say this, I had a temper,
And I absolutely feared nothing
Between heaven and hell.
But nobody ever heard me claim
That I killed twenty-one men,
"Not counting niggers and Indians."
Good Lord, can't a man take part
In an honest-to-God cattle war,

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Kill a few loud-mouthed, lying braggarts,
And dodge a bunch of rotten law-officers
No better than himself,
Without being decked out as a super-bandit
In the gold braid of newspaper melodrama?
Why, even now fools keep bringing me to life
Or exhibiting some one else's bones as mine.
Close your traps, yokels,
And let me sleep.

GEORGE W. PADGETT

I read dime novels
About Indian fights and fierce border bandits
And grew up to be a cow puncher
Who rode the wildest broncs on the range,
Jumped ditches other men avoided,
And split a hair at forty yards
With my six shooter.
One day on a cattle drive with W. H. Stevens
I discovered some steers in his herd
Branded with the mark
Of my first employer, Wagoner.
When Stevens cursed me as a liar,
I whipped out my pistol in a lightning draw
I had practised for years
And before he could move,
Killed a man who undoubtedly was a cattle thief.
But Stevens was unarmed,
And they hanged me at Fort Smith.
Where is the romance of the Old West?

JOSEPH O. SHELBY

A drum beats in your heart,
One of your ancestors
Was a famous first governor of Kentucky
And a hero of King's Mountain,
And you are a fighter.
Border warfare in Missouri
And your farm and rope factory forgotten
In a strong drumming of hooves—
By God, you can fight!—
And then Sumter.
And then you are in it,
Wilson's Creek and the rest,
Riding, raiding,
The only real cavalryman west of the river,
And you are a major general,
Protecting the retreats
Of incompetents like Price
While all the world was crumbling in the East
And Lee trembling
Under the long sledge-hammer thunder
Of that small grim god, Grant,
Who thought it no great event
For men to die.
And Lee surrendered
And Johnston surrendered,
And you wanted the army west of the river
To rid itself of a general or two
And wait for the wolves to come
And find out what death is like,
Fighting.
But Buckner turned over the department
And there was only a fragment
Of your own Iron Brigade
Following you through Texas
To the courts of Maximilian
And never surrendering,
Preferring the romantic gesture
To acknowledged defeat.
That was why
After my return to Missouri
And even after I was a United States deputy marshal,
I defended the names
Of the James boys and the Younger brothers,
Who went on fighting the state of Missouri,
The Pinkerton detective agency,
And the government of the United States
For a decade or so
After the war had ended.

DOCTOR HENRI STEWART

I swore the truth on the witness stand;
The bullet I fired struck the ground,
And it was my drunken cousin, Wiley Stewart,
Who killed Doctor J. B. Jones.
But when I said I fled to Missouri
Because I knew my previous bad record
Would be against me—
That was a lie.
It is true that I was, for a time,
A member of the Sam Bass gang of train robbers,
And led a life of reckless bravado.
But Jesse James and Cole Younger
And all the band of Missouri ruffians
Were turned into heroes by popular imagination.
Men would have lynched me,
Not from hate, but from envy.
I was a superior man
Who had seen half the world as a ship's physician
And had been educated at Yale and at Harvard.

DYNAMITE DICK (DAN CLIFTON)

Listen to me, America.
You wondered why cowpunchers
Like me and Charlie Pierce and Slaughter Kid
Joined up with Bill Doolin.
Listen to me, America.
You thought you owned men's guts.
By God, you didn't.
We watched you cut up range,
Push railroads into the Territory,
Mushroom a hundred thousand sod shanties
While the banks were busting the ranchers
And throwing punchers out of work.
One day I saw a man milking a cow.
"Jesus," I said, "this country's gone to hell."

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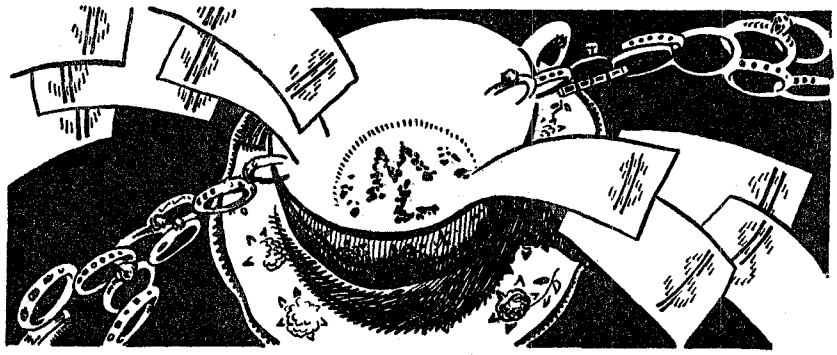

From a Tea-Leaf Reader's Diary

By Ann Cade

WANTED.—A teacup reader 12–3. Apply ready for work.

A NEWSPAPER miscarriage brought this advertisement to my attention while perusing the ads for a laundress. The magic force of this misplaced ad drove all practical thoughts about laundresses out of mind and transported me body and soul to the very doors of a gypsy tea room in the heart of a large city. In less than ten minutes after entering Aladdin's den I found myself giving a test reading from tea leaves in an ordinary teacup to Signor Donnelli, the manager. There I was—an American woman over forty, mostly old school, who knew precious little about adventurous careers for women and still less about that vast body of stereotyped fortune-telling knowledge. I had only intended asking for information—toying mentally with the tea leaves, and instead I found the cup in hand and an oily complexion and smile close to me.

The five-minute test was not a reading from the cup but from his face. Somehow it told me a libidinous tale—affairs in the past and in the future with spaghetti entrées. I made the past vague and the future alluring and impending. Finally realizing that I had scarcely looked in the cup, I glanced down and saw how the leaves made a circuitous divide leading nowhere in particular and I said, "I see an unobstructed road which winds and turns and at the end I see some one lighter than the rest. Can it be a blonde? Yes, so it seems." He cut me short with a knowing smile and a gentle squeeze on the arm. "You'll do and you may start in right away." Not having time to recover from amazement I was confronted with his query, "And what'll be your name?" I was about to pronounce my own name, when I thought how out of place an English name would be in a gypsy tea room. Not being able to get out of the C's, I stumbled on one. I could not tell whether it was Mexican, Cuban, Spanish, or Italian but replied "Calvo" in profound confusion. "An excellent name, Madame Calvo—one easily remembered," he said reassuringly. And I soon found that Madame Calvo had Queenie, Mitzi, Fifi as her companions in the nefarious trade of fortune-telling tea leaves.

II

The patrons of gypsy tea rooms were for the most part novelty hunters, seeking a new fad or diversion in their leisure hours. But it was not long before I discovered that many patrons had a lively interest and belief in the occult and come to the tea room not for the food and atmosphere but for guidance and help in life's problems. These magic-smitten persons were not confined to women, although they predominated. Men also sought help. The latter were principally interested in the outcome of some new business venture, of a flier on the stock market, of a boxing contest, of a horse race. The women, on the other hand, sought consolation and assistance in troubles—mainly marital difficulties. They were also more incontinent in speech than men and frequently confessed themselves completely, seeming to get a measure of comfort from telling their plights to the strange gypsy reader. One fashionably dressed woman of thirty-five, as soon as I was able to get to her in my rounds, moved up close to my ear and said without waiting for her reading, "You know, my husband left me for another woman and I wish you could see her. Why, she's just as ordinary as you could find. What do you suppose he sees in her?" That is what she expected me to tell her. "The leaves show me that you have had a very unhappy life, most unhappy. See these which resemble clouds. I see here a central figure standing all alone which must mean that—." She broke in on me. "Yes, I've been alone most of my married life. You know, Willoughby never—" And so more of her story unravelled. Reverting to her original question which seemed to prey on her mind, she pressed me for an answer as if seeking a salve for her wounded soul. In a moment like this the teacup was powerless. It contained no soothing medicine, not even a clue. And I found myself falling back on the milk of human kindness. "I think he already realizes his mistake," I said, "but is too proud to come back and admit it." "Oh, do you think so? Yes, as I think of it, he always was a proud, unrelenting man. Do you think he will really?" By this time the manager had taken me off to some one else who was waiting for the gypsy touch.

The novelty seeker's index of conviction was a nodding smile, an approving or confirming word of comment, or an inquiry about the good fortune in the future. I could see that the reading often produced signs of introspection on the countenances of these atmosphere hunters. It seemed to sensitize them to destiny and fate; it seemed to play on their hopes and aspirations. I remember one beautifully dressed young woman, undoubtedly a recent recruit to the ranks of matrimony. Her new wedding ring told me that. She came alone and sat alone at the late noon hour. I noticed that she appeared to be having her first experience in sampling the mystery of gypsy tea rooms. She seemed uneasy and yet eager and excited. My reading of her case touched vaguely and harmlessly on her married life. Once or twice I thought I caught her nodding to herself, pondering in-

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stead of listening. After leaving her to attend to another patron she did not linger but straightway departed. About an hour later when the heavy load of luncheon patronage was over, I noticed that she had returned and was talking to the manager, both of whom were indicating in my direction. She was desirous of asking me a question and was willing to pay for it. Mr. Donnelli, obviously pleased with the interview, said that although they were not in the habit of granting special auditions, he would grant her permission this time—since she was such a nice little woman (a blonde too). And with a little squeeze on the arm he started her to my table where I was sitting disengaged. Somewhat flustered but determined to be out with it, she asked half stammeringly, "Do you think I should have children? If I do not, it would be such a disappointment to Harvey." Had she stopped with the mere question, the answer would have been easier. Here again with the tea-cup down, I took shelter in common sense. I felt she should have *one* anyhow, and if this one showed signs of being spoiled, I felt she should add another.

III

It was not long before the urge for independence came upon me. I opened my own shop. A small place in an English basement of an old-fashioned home on the drive was the scene of my experiment. Mine was a thirteen-hour day from 11 A.M. to midnight—and without complaint, because I was boss of my own establishment. With a poverty of help, I was not only boss but also manager, head waiter, chef, seer, reader, and cashier. However, these functions combined in one person helped rather than detracted, and it seemed that I was drawn closer and closer to the private lives of guests. The first person, who happened in on my opening day, hurried in and shouted in great consternation, "Forget the food. Just bring me tea and give me a reading." She and I had the whole place to ourselves and she talked out loud as I quickly prepared the tea. "You may not know it but I live next door and manage the hotel. I can't stay but a minute because I'm expecting a wire from New York. I'm undecided whether to stay here or go there." By the time tea was ready she had blurted out her whole life history. "As you sip the tea concentrate on a wish," I told her. "Lord, that's all I do all day—concentrate on what I want but don't have. Money's all I need." My first guest's fortune was told without reference to the leaves. A few minutes after she bustled out of my shop an elderly woman came in—the exact counterpart of my first guest. "You just told Bertha so much that she sent me in to hear what you could tell me. You know, Bertha is my baby and since papa died she has been so good to me. Sol gets a little jealous sometimes, because Bertha tells me everything. But I tell her it's good to keep the men in the dark when you have to wear the pants for the family like my baby does." The mother's fortune was a sequel to her baby's.

Shortly after opening at noon on my second day, I was confronted with a rather stunning woman of forty. Her clothes were of a style cast a season ago and showed signs of many cleanings and pressings. "What a darling place you have! Those cute figures on the walls. I simply adore silhouettes. I can paint but I could never do silhouettes. Oh, dear, I won't sit here. That snake and that spider give me the creeps. Nor here either. Those skulls and cross bones. I'll sit over there—oh, those cute little gnomes and dwarfs—just like a fairy tale." She sat down but did not stop. "I was downtown the other day looking for a position and I dropped into a fortune tea room. It was packed and jammed but the reader didn't tell me *one* thing about my husband and that's what I went for." She was more than delighted with her reading and wondered how I knew so much. The third time she came in she brought along a woman whom she introduced as her best friend, from Washington, D. C., on her way to Hollywood. "She wanted to know a few things before leaving and I said I was sure you could advise her." They sat down with the gnomes and smoked. While preparing the tray, I saw that the friend was a woman right on forty-five, with a tendency toward avoirdupois concealed in ultra-smart ensemble. Her gestures were twenty years younger and so was her make-up. When I approached for her reading, she was rummaging through her bag for her compact. In doing so, she dislodged a snap-shot photograph which fell into her lap—a young man of twenty-two with strong filial resemblance. After replacing the snap-shot and the compact, I asked her to make a wish and as she did she rearranged the contents of her purse and nervously fumbled a thin roll of bills. "Your wish concerns money," I began. "Can you beat it?" she asked her companion. "You have a son who is not so well pleased with some venture you are thinking about. It is something with a lot of action. There is some delayed message you should receive, either tonight or tomorrow. I see here a very influential man you will meet." "What did I tell you?" the other said. "Your cup has a rainbow in it, which means happiness." They asked to see it and both declared they saw it distinctly.

IV

About three or four evenings a week, an elderly, shabbily dressed woman would peek in through the curtains of the front entrance. If any one was present she would leave and return later when no one was there. She only wanted a reading from the cup and her wish prior to the fortune pronouncement seemed to take unusually long and to be really laborious. At first she never disclosed herself and I gained no clues into her life story, except those I could read in her face, which was a veritable mask of morbidity. One evening she warmed up and went so far as to invite me to her apartment which was not far away. When curiosity and human interest took me to her door in an apartment hotel, I experienced a distinct surprise. There she appeared in a gorgeously embroidered kimono, wearing an extremely noticeable jade necklace. I found an apartment, dimly lighted, with teak-wood furniture, Chinese bric-a-brac, Oriental rugs, and a golden harp draped by an Indian shawl. My notice and comment on the shawl unloosed the thread of her story, which she seemed anxious to tell. Unhappily married for thirty years, she recounted a life with a husband whose business interests lay in the Orient and finally shifted to a Brazilian plantation. He was the burly type, easily captivated by pioneering business ventures. He was unresponsive to her wishes for a more settled home life in the States. She refused to follow him to South America but her only child, a daughter, then

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twenty, went with the father. Two years later the daughter married an American rancher in Argentina. After ten years of complete separation, she seldom hears from her husband, and never from her daughter. "I could not and still do not understand why Lola left me. She was my one hope in life—my only insurance against aging loneliness. And how I cherished her! I dreamed she would return to me as the months rolled by, settle down with me, marry later and give me a home. But no, she seemed to turn against me. Why, I never did know. And when she married without even letting me hear—that wound has never healed. To this day I don't know exactly where she is. I have been hoping against hope that some day she might write me and come back to me. Loneliness is bitter; it's worse than hell."

In taking leave, I backed unknowingly into a well-dressed young man of the dapper bond-salesman type. He was hatless and from his manner I gathered that he must be a resident of the apartment hotel. Without further ado I departed and he entered. I made a mental note of young man and kimono. A week later my host became conspicuous by her absence. I had the vague feeling that I was the last casual acquaintance upon whom she tried to impress her respectability. A few weeks later I learned that the management of the hotel requested her departure on the grounds of too many visits from young men.

V

On several occasions I had requests to do horoscope forecasts. It seemed that many of the more occult guests expected the tea-leaf reader to be an expert on spiritualism, geomancy, metaposcopy and many other forms of mediæval divination. The demand to double in brass led me to delve into numerology. This was the easiest to master. Its metaphysics did not have to be understood. Its interpretations lay closer to the tea-leaf technique. It required no magician's touch. It could be worked out from the "book" and reported on privately.

My first order for a numerology reading came from a Norwegian gentleman of middle age and studious, perhaps brooding, mind. At the time I believe he was only toying with the idea. I took his full name and the date of his birth, and told him to return on the morrow for his report. His number was so diametrically opposed to the little I knew of him that I told him I must have made a mistake in the name or birth date. Whereupon he laughed and said, "You're a good one! But you might try this name." He wrote it in my notebook without further explanation. I gathered that he had changed his name since coming to America. The outstanding point in his numerology appeared to be trouble. "I'm afraid I cannot give you a very favorable report." "Now what's up?" After giving him my prognostication with as light a touch as possible, he was moved to say, "That's pretty clever of you." Then followed an annoying pause in which he shook his head in reflective mood. Finally he said with brooding hesitation, "You've guessed it. My wife and I couldn't get along in the old country. I came to America and changed my name. No one knows this. I was planning on remarriage but this does not look very hopeful, does it?" He never came in again.

VI

I had a Spanish woman help me during rush hours. She was a fairly good reader but used very little discretion. The more tragedy and risk she could include in her readings the more joy she seemed to get out of life. I had cautioned her against dealing such a heavy blow to fortune and against making decisions for people, even when asked, if money, life, property, health and the social *status quo* were involved. One evening when I was alone a man came rushing into the tea room, scanned the place thoroughly and asked where that "dago" woman was. I told him I had discharged her just last night and did not know her address. He seemed so infuriated and vindictive that it was some time before I learned what was wrong. I discovered that at his request two nights previously the reader had advised him to bet on Sharkey, who was defeated by fouling the night before. Furthermore he disclosed that the sum lost was not his money. I remembered his previous visit. He had dropped in with a fashionably dressed companion on whom he was obviously trying to make an impression. His gestures had been expansive and his talk loud. One could readily understand why my Spanish reader would have no compunction in advising a fourflusher to bet $200.

One morning toward the end of my career a woman knocked on the door, asking to be admitted. The maid told her it would be at least twenty minutes before she could have a reading. She waited and smoked continuously. She used her own cigarettes, which had a very heavy, sickening smell. When I went to her table I thought at first she was asleep; for her head was in dozing position. When she looked up at me, I noticed that she had a deathlike pallor and that her eyes, although beautiful, had a fixed glassy stare. I asked whether she was ill. Shaking her head, she replied *sotto voce*. My reading of her past was colored somewhat by her impression on me, namely, that of a drug addict. But I was especially careful to find the symbolic tea leaves in her cup which pointed to a more desirable future. She seemed unrelieved and departed leaving a crisp dollar bill which seemed to be saturated with the same sickening odor as the cigarettes. That evening the little urchin who delivered the paper came in panting and yelled: "Hey! Your joint got in the headlines. Read that!" I read the story about the suicide of a young woman whose only identification consisted of a physician's card and a gypsy tea-room card. It was not my place at all and I convinced myself from the description that it was not the first visitor of the morning. Nevertheless the news story seemed to crystallize a feeling which had been growing in my mind—the magic of tea leaves was putting me too close to the lives of people. They brought me too near the tragic sense of life when I had only wanted to impart a light and frivolous touch. Too many were unburdening their problems, difficulties and tragedies. I wanted to be a harmless wizard who could delight people with silly prognostications about the future and build superstructures on their desires. But I found myself converted into a mother confessor and a healer without a cure. This was not what I desired and I left the field to the large-scale operators whose enormous gypsy tea rooms attract the atmosphere hunters and do not invite the revelation of inner life of unhappy, disturbed souls.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today

American Code: Class of 1950

By Miriam Allen deFord

THE other day, walking down the main street of our little suburban town, I observed out of the corner of my eye a small boy lurking in a doorway, as small boys do lurk when elected as quarry in a game of hide-and-go-seek. I had scarcely passed the doorway when I felt a heavy blow in the small of my back. Turning quickly, I captured three small boys at once, each armed with a heavy dagger made of hard rubber, with which they had simultaneously stabbed their prey in the back.

I am by nature very much averse to pedagogy, as well as to small boys as a class, and very reluctant to engage in public scenes. But this time I felt that a certain immediate obligation rested on me; so, holding three bony young shoulders very firmly, I delivered an extemporaneous lecture. I told the culprits that they hadn't hurt me (though a heavy piece of rubber, wielded by a sturdy six-year-old arm, leaves quite a perceptible bruise); but what if they had attacked a nervous old lady, who might have dropped at their feet from shock? I went on to expatiate on sportsmanship, on facing one's enemy and giving him a chance, on the meanness of sneaking out from ambush and assailing the unsuspecting. I don't think I made much impression, though my peroration, in which I asked them if they could imagine Babe Ruth knifing any one in the back, seemed to sink in a little.

I could, of course, have said a good deal more, unsuited to the comprehension of six-year-olds. I could have told them that they were nullifying the whole meaning and purpose of a community life based on tolerance and fair play. I could have told them that they were being admirably bred for careers as gangsters, or more particularly for that variety of gangster, unpopular in his own fraternity, technically known as a rat; but that they were being totally unprepared for participation in any civilized social environment. I could have told them that if the ethical code they displayed was an anticipation of the one to be in force by 1950 or so, when they would be grown men and citizens, the best thing that could happen to America would be a visit from Huxley's "kindly comet."

I do not wish to exaggerate, of course. Childhood recapitulates the anarchic period of social development. Children have always admired and imitated representatives of anti-communal individualism and physical prowess. They are born gregarious but unco-operative, like their simian ancestors; and like kittens or puppies, they must be house-broken. In other words, they are not little ants or bees, but little humans.

Moreover, I honestly believe that in many ways the children of today are superior to those of my own generation. They are brighter, more self-assured, more at home in the world. They are motor-minded in an age of machines which attracts instead of appals them. They are not crushed into inferiority as most of us were. They are certainly healthier, in spite of the depression. When I was a child, little boys and girls went out in winter clad in long underwear, the lowest of half a dozen layers of fabric, and they had sniffling colds as a matter of course most of the time; nowadays they expose to the coldest winds tanned legs as impervious to chill as are their faces. They have been fed on balanced diets selected for their vitamin content, and it has been years since I have seen a child publicly restore to the outer world his greasy fried breakfast—a not unexpected incident of a shopping tour with Mother in my day. They are fine little animals.

And in some ways they seem less brutal than were my contemporaries. When I was a child, most of my nickels went for the rescue of unfortunate mice. A boy would capture a live mouse, tie a loop around its neck, and then swing it around him on a long cord like a lasso until the wretched creature expired. For five cents I would purchase these dying beasts, which I then had the pleasant job of finishing off to end their agony. I trust this recital will not inspire any boy to try out this good clean fun; but I doubt if it could—children today seem to have a better idea that animals are not automata, but have nerves like their

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own. Perhaps it is the nearness and multiplicity of machines that enable them to differentiate. My little knife-wielders were followed by a dog, obviously well kept and well treated. (On the other hand, it is a truism that excessive kindness to lower animals seems to correlate with excessive unkindness to one's own species; perpetrators of crimes of violence, as O. Henry long ago pointed out, are notoriously animal-lovers.)

But, granting all those superiorities, I am positive that it is not the crabbedness of advancing years which convinces me that today's children have an ethical—or unethical—approach that would have been abhorrent and incomprehensible to the children of that other world before the war. For example, here are three news stories, read in one week, covering one small and very civilized portion of a State high in cultural and intellectual rating.

A little girl's mother sent her to the grocery with a twenty-dollar bill. She made her few purchases and started home with them, the change from the bill pinned in a paper bag by the grocer. A block from her home three boys, two of them about seven—her own age—and one two or three years older, accosted her. The younger boys held her while the captain of the gang snatched the paper bag and ran, followed by his lieutenants. The desperate victim chased them for three blocks, but they outdistanced her and disappeared, and there was nothing for her to do but return in tears to her mother. The mother called the police, but the boys and the money were gone forever.

Two sisters, ten and twelve, lived next door to a four-year-old boy whom they heartily disliked. One day Johnny's mother found in her mail-box a printed note stating that unless a hundred dollars was deposited in a certain near-by place, Johnny would be "put on the spot." She paid no attention to the note, and a few days later a second one appeared, which announced: "We have our eyes on you. Don't think we don't mean business. We give you till Thursday. $100 by then where we told you, or Johnny will be wiped out. If you tell the police we will wipe him out anyway. We see and know everything you do. P.S.: The money must be in small bills." Thoroughly alarmed this time, Johnny's mother took the letter to the police, who in a very short time ferreted out the two little criminals next door. Faced with the facts, the sisters confessed all with the utmost nonchalance. "Well, what of it?" inquired the older girl. "We needed the money, and she has plenty. Besides, the kid's no good —he needs erasing."

Every householder in three blocks of a university town was visited by a committee of small boys, ranging from five to nine, and informed that for the sum of ten cents a week their lawns and front gardens would be protected from stones and rubbish. Meekly, every single one of those householders, most of them members of the university faculty, paid tribute regularly for several weeks, until a stranger moved into one of the houses. Called on in due course by the committee, she refused to pay for protection. The next morning when she woke up her lawn was completely buried in tin cans, pebbles, dirt, and miscellaneous trash. She promptly notified the police, who, as in the previous case, rounded up the criminals without difficulty. The leader, aged eight, was openly defiant. "She had it coming to her," he said. "She knew our racket and we gave her a chance for a pay-off."

Please note that the protagonists of these three stories are not slum children, corrupted by contact with vice. They are middle-class children, well dressed, well fed, taught to brush their teeth and not to talk with their mouths full, given plenty of toys, destined as a matter of course to a high school or college education. Not one of them has ever seen a machine-gun or an armored car or a live gangster. They are not even being consciously wicked; they are simply carrying out what they conceive to be the mores of their tribe. It is the spirit of play, not congenital degeneracy, which at least half a dozen times in the past year has barked at me, "Stop, or I'll shoot!" or "Hands up!" while a toy pistol faced me, held in the hand of a gun-toter small enough to be picked up easily with one arm.

To be sure, we used to admire Jesse James and Billy the Kid when I was young; we used to read about their exploits and sing lugubriously about "the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard and laid Jesse James in his grave." But unless my memory is growing senile, we used to admire these worthies not only for their courage and daring and rebellion, but also, or more, for their (probably factitious) chivalry and sportsmanship and their general aura of a modern Robin Hood. We had never learned to revere rats and sneaks and stool-pigeons.

Now, it seems, there are no such restrictions. The gangster and the racketeer are greeted not with disgust but with awed approval. We use their piquant vocabulary and follow their careers avidly from the humble henchman's beginnings to the solid silver casket. Our attitude has only seeped down from the elders to the youngsters. Recently I saw a news-reel of the "conditioning camps" of the new reforestration corps. An army officer was giving a recruit his supply of clothing and bedding, instructing him as to where he was to sleep, when and where to eat, what were his duties and privileges, and so on. When he finished, he said, "Now do you understand everything?" And the recruit, a nice-looking lad of about twenty, quite innocently, and with an evident desire to express his gratitude courteously, replied: "O. K., Big Shot."

If this is the ethical attitude in which we have reared our children and adolescents, or in which we have permitted them to grow up without rearing, the next question is how and why has it come about?

It is a little late to blame the World War for everything we do not like in our contemporary world. After all, the war ended in November, 1918, and we are almost ready for the next one. Neither can we lay the onus on that other scapegoat, the eighteenth amendment; prohibition did not create the gangsters—they were all prepared to take advantage of the situation when prohibition arrived. Perhaps the existence of a sumptuary law in which most of those subject to it never believed, which they resented and circumvented with a clear conscience, did do much to foster the contempt for law as a whole, the admiration for its defiers and evaders, which our young sons and daughters have inherited in so exaggerated a form. So did the callous obtuseness and stupidity of the stock-market manipulators and greedy exploiters of the feverish years when these boys and girls were babies. But it is only another symptom of the same diseased ethics to look everywhere but in our personal doings for the blame for an undesirable condition. If we are to do any-

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thing to correct that condition, we must look much nearer home, and begin in our own back yards.

There will still be found woolly-minded persons to tell us that it is lack of religious training that makes for criminality and the tolerant acceptance of criminality. Knowing this little town, I venture to assert that every one of those three small boys who stabbed me in the back turns up with parent-inspired regularity at Sunday School every week. Sending the children to Sunday School is the current adult atonement for not being present at church. Besides, the most cursory survey of prison statistics would show the entire lack of connection between moral standards and adherence to theological systems. It would be convenient to be able to accuse the crumbling of rite and doctrine for everything we disapprove in our ethical status, but unfortunately common sense forbids.

What then? The movies? The radio? Books and magazines and comic strips? The comic strip is vulgar, but it is aggressively puritanical. Books and magazines have not even begun to touch the lives of the six-year-olds with rubber knives and toy pistols; they are just beginning to learn to read, and they already know all about rackets and gangs. The radio, like the "funnies," offers fare that is cheap and blatant and silly, frightening and shocking to young nervous systems, or sexually leering; but one thing it distinctly does not do is to glorify organized crime or gild racketeering. There remains the motion picture. All of these children are confirmed movie goers; and in spite of Saint Will as Czar, no dispassionate observer could hail the movies as elevating to the young. The recent exhaustive investigation published by the Educational Research Committee of the Payne Fund has shown very clearly what gangster pictures do to their youngest admirers. You will remember the boy who praised James Cagney—a poor compliment to a nice fellow and an able actor—because he had learned from him just how to "pull off a job and make a getaway." But after all, as some one has remarked, children can't go to the pictures without money, and the primary source of their money (pending further lessons from crime films) is still their parents' largess. Boys and girls are either taken to the movies by their elders, or supplied by them with the means of entrance. I am afraid even here we shall have to take the burden of guilt on ourselves.

I tried out an abridged questionnaire of my own, addressed to eight boys and girls, ranging in years from seven to thirteen. They were all children of good family, of normal intelligence, of fairly comfortable circumstances. I asked them just one question: "If you were an aviator, about to take part in an air race, the winning of which would bring you a large prize and much glory; and if by accident you discovered unguarded the plane belonging to your closest rival, the person most likely to beat you in the race; would you damage that person's plane so it could not compete with yours? If not, why not?" Here are the eight answers, just as they were given to me:

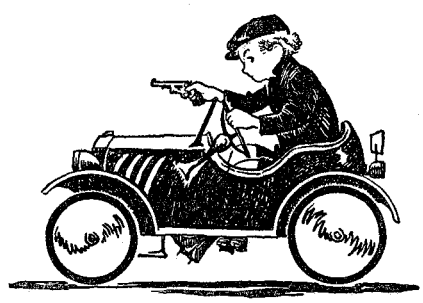
1. (Boy, ten.) No, I wouldn't, because you always get caught doing anything like that.

2. (Boy, eleven.) If I was sure I wasn't found out. I would give the money to my mother. (Evidently something gnawing at the conscience here!)

3. (Girl, ten.) I would think it was a good thing if I could keep the other plane from starting, because if it did I might not win the race.

4. (Boy, seven.) I don't know how to fly. ("Incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial.")

5. (Girl, thirteen.) I don't think it could happen, because they always have watchmen at hangars.



6. (Boy, nine.) No, I wouldn't do it, because he might find out and damage my plane.

7. (Girl, eight.) He would deserve it if I did it, because he ought to watch his plane before a race.

8. (Boy, twelve.) The important thing is to win a race when you are in it, and if I could do anything to help me win, I would think it was all right to do.

Comment is superfluous.

No, Mrs. Smith, it is not Tommy's or Betty's fault. The fault is in you, and Mr. Smith, and Tommy's Uncle John and Betty's Aunt Helen. Human beings do not evolve in a vacuum the ideas of sportsmanship, of fair play, of giving the other fellow a chance, a run for his money. These concepts have been built up by trial and error, by sweat and blood and flame, by slow, arduous, punishing group-lessons. "Wasn't it too bad," an adolescent boy said to me a few years ago, "that Sharkey lost that fight just because of a foul?" Nobody had ever taught him that to foul an opponent is not a misfortune, but a disgrace. The battle of life does not develop naturally in accordance with Marquis of Queensbury rules; unless one has been thoroughly taught otherwise, so early that the teaching becomes an inherent part of one's personality, the natural way to deal with an antagonist in any field is to gouge, kick, hit in clinches, and strike below the belt. Restraint from such tactics, not because to restrain is safer, but because it is decent and sportsmanlike, has to be inculcated by analogy and example even more than by precept. Studiousness and intelligence will not teach a boy or girl to be a gentleman or a gentlewoman. Some child from the backwoods, who learned from an illiterate father that a real man always fights fair, is far more apt to know what you mean by "honor" and its implications than will the son or daughter of the most cultured household whose culture is of the head only and not of the heart.

The English "public" schools have evolved a code that fosters stodginess, unimaginativeness, superciliousness, smugness, and numerous other undesirable traits, but a code which has to its credit one supreme achievement—a personal honor that makes it impossible for its adherent to lie, to cheat, to be consciously unfair. That sort of thing simply "isn't done." And what "isn't done" really *isn't* done, if the person concerned desires to live at all among people of his own social grade. We have measured our children's I. Q.'s, and attended to their teeth and tonsils and sinuses, and given them nature-appreciation and music and drawing and folk-dancing; but the one thing we have not taught them, in a nation extravagantly devoted to games, is to be good sports. When teachers have to retake an exam-

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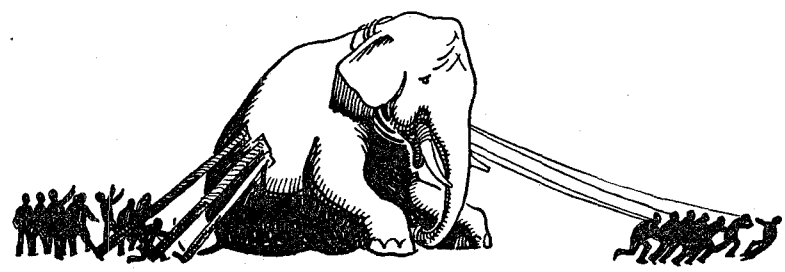
ination, because their first papers "showed so many evidences of copying," what hope is there that their pupils will learn that cheating is worse than unsafe or foolish—that it is "infra dig."?

All this is so obvious that it becomes platitudinous. We are hard up now and Morgan's list of favored advance buyers infuriates us; but—confess—how many of us were stirred to more than scornful amusement by the oil scandals of the Harding administration? How many of us saw anything unfair in acquitting Charles E. Mitchell because he had evaded his income tax by strictly legal methods, but giving a ten-year sentence to Al Capone, not for any of the actual offenses he had committed, but because he was *not* in a position legally to wriggle out from under his tax payments? How many of us say quite complacently that maybe it has been proved to the hilt that Tom Mooney is entirely innocent of the bomb explosion in 1916, but it's a good thing to keep him in prison anyway on the ground that he is a radical labor agitator? It is just as much a fighting allegation to tell the average man he is a bum sport as it is to make the classic aspersion on his mother's chastity; but he will be utterly incapable of understanding you if you tell him that the hounding of conscientious objectors during the war or the brutal Red raids organized by a Quaker Attorney General after the war were examples of national bad sportsmanship on an enormous scale. Neither, if his residence be south of the Mason and Dixon line, will he see anything unsportsmanlike in the hunting down and slaughtering of one terrified black man by an organized posse of armed whites. We have simply not developed in this country that attitude of mind which insists on a fair field and no favors.

If we are tagged for speeding, we find a friend who will "see the judge." If a murder has been committed, we allow the police, our public servants, to torture some penniless and friendless half-wit until he "confesses" and closes the case. If a man finds a pocketbook full of money and returns it to its owner, we think he is a fool. If we were conscripted for service in 1917, and spent a few months at a base camp, we fight like demons to keep our hands in the public pocket for the rest of our lives in consequence. If we—for women are in this just as deep as men—have suffered the misfortune of an unsuccessful marriage, we oblige the unhappy man, who probably endured just as much as we did, to support us the rest of our lives, and have him put in jail if he will not or cannot keep up the extorted payments. We think it is clever to "outsmart" others, to "beat them to it," to "put things over" on them.

If the times we have lived in are troubled and confused and dangerous, what adjectives dare we apply to the years to come in which those children of ours will come to their maturity and ripen to old age? It will be those children who will determine whether we are at the end of a civilization or at the beginning of a greater one. It is they who must decide between fascism and communism, between chaos and order, between progress and retrogression. The hysterical young Nazis who beat defenseless Marxists to death and ordain starvation for Jewish physicians and professors were, not many years ago, little blond boys who cried when they stubbed their toes and smiled when some kindly adult patted them on the head. The Versailles Treaty, of which we were all guilty, hardened and trained them into the implacable savages of today. We in America have no such excuse if our children by 1950 are hanging their fellow countrymen to lamp-posts or bombing them with Lewisite instead of tear-gas. In spite of what we have gone through with since 1929, we have, compared to European experiences, simply no conception of what hardship and privation mean. Most of us have had plenty of opportunity to rear our sons and daughters in open-mindedness, in decency, in fairness, in sportsmanship. If we have not done so, it means only that—in addition to being lazy and careless—we ourselves have been imperfectly open-minded, decent, fair, and sportsmanlike.



The Republican Dilemma

By Hoffman Nickerson

THE future of the Republican Party involves two dilemmas, one imaginary and one real. At the moment the Party hardly seems to exist. Most of its officeholders were buried alive in the landslide of last November when the Democratic National ticket carried all but six States: Connecticut, Maine, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and Vermont; out of ninety-six Senators only thirty-six are Republican; out of four hundred and thirty-five Congressmen only one hundred and seventeen; out of forty-eight States only eight have Republican governors. Moreover, the diminished Republicans are almost silent; as yet hardly a voice has been raised against his majesty Roosevelt II. The Grand Old Party which won no less than fourteen of the eighteen presidential elections from 1860 to 1928 has so nearly disappeared that some have doubted whether it could ever come back.

No one need waste a moment's time on such an imaginary dilemma. On the contrary it is as certain as anything human can be that the Republicans will put up a Congressional ticket in 1934 and a candidate for President in 1936. The chances are that they will regain many Congressional seats in '34 and that their candidate will be a hot contender for President two years later. American history is strewn with the skeletons of third parties; so far only two major

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parties, the Federalists and the Whigs, have died; even in dying the Federalists gave birth to the Whigs and the Whigs to the G. O. P. The American is still in love with organization; the disturbances of our time have weakened but not destroyed political habits; to construct a successful third party would be enormously difficult and expensive.

The Republican dilemma is not that of Hamlet hesitating between to be or not to be; it is that of remaking its platform and finding a candidate.

A party out of power has the advantages of opposition. Just now Franklin D. is playing the hand and has the lead; he is playing his cards boldly and—in some cases—very skilfully. He may make a political grand slam and reelect himself in a blaze of glory; but the chances are against any such political miracle. Walking a tight rope across Niagara would be an easy job compared with that of our genial President. Whatever he does about prices and inflation will seem not only mistaken but wicked to millions of people. For instance his National Recovery Act may set the small business men of the country against him, and if that happens he is lost, for this is neither an aristocratic nor a proletarian country; it is a middle-class country and the American middle-class man is no Caspar Milquetoast; he is boss and he knows it, he has a heavy axe which he is accustomed to let fall on election day. If Franklin gets him good and mad then there is nothing to it.

Moreover, Franklin has another difficulty: as boss of the Democrats he is like the man in the circus who has to ride three horses at once. The Democratic Party is composed of three factions almost impossible to reconcile: first, there are the Southerners whose interest is in maintaining white supremacy in their sections. Among other things they are ultra Protestant. Next there are the democratic machines in the north-central and northeastern cities, chiefly Irish Roman Catholic in leadership, with a big slice—although by no means the whole—of our alien laborers for rank and file; an outfit more out of sympathy with the average Southerner could hardly be imagined. Finally there are the speculative, get-rich-quick Western farmers whose idea of prosperity is to tax every one else for their own benefit. Always for soft money, their leaders are willing to take the value out of every savings-bank account in the country if only their clients who gambled and over-borrowed on the high price of land can succeed in cheating their creditors. So far Franklin is humoring them, and wisely so no doubt; but—being an educated man—he well knows that if they run away with him he will be beaten. The industrial laborer wants high wages and cheap food; the farmer wants dear food and low wages for his own help; on a basis of trading for favors the contradiction is complete. Thus the Presidency alone holds the Democratic Party together after a victory; the irreconcilable Democratic factions are among the forces which compel Franklin to play the dictator; under their very different circumstances Cleveland and Wilson were similarly compelled. Even if the reader—like the writer—has no invincible prejudice against one-man government, nevertheless every one must admit that drastic centralization of power has its risks. What happened to the Democratic Party after Cleveland and after Wilson is not reassuring.

Thus, on the negative side, circumstances and the irreconcilable Democratic factions will write much of the Republican platform for 1936. Let opinion here and there harden against the Roosevelt administration, and the Republican policy of supporting the President will change as it did in 1918.

On the other hand no party can be a hundred per cent negative. No matter how it may turn somersaults and twist principles around, a political group is not a lump of modelling clay capable of completely changing its shape—for instance from that of an elephant to a donkey or tiger. In other words a party must appeal to the groups which have been its backbone in the past. From its beginning the Republican Party has been a nationalist and industrialist group; bad leadership has partially split it between industry and agriculture. I say bad leadership for in its great days its chiefs could make the farmer see that populous and prosperous American industries and cities were his best markets. Fool direct-primary laws have threatened its unity. But always it has appealed to the middle class, especially the manufacturer; also to the large minority of American labor which is middle-class-minded. Although most American labor leaders are Democrats, the normal election returns of our industrial districts show that plenty of the rank and file have sense enough to know that the boss can pay wages only out of profits—therefore they vote the Republican ticket in spite of hell and high water.

Besides appealing to its central groups, a party must use its available men. Is Hoover available? It is no secret that he thinks he is, that at the very least he wants to dictate the party's next presidential candidate. It needs no prophet or son of a prophet to tell the world that his always dominant trait of ambition is today re-enforced by a red hot desire for "vindication." Oh, bunk, the reader may say, doesn't he know what would happen to him? Apparently he does not. He has kept one of his former private secretaries, Lawrence Richey, on guard for him in Washington. He has inspired the genial Pat Hurley to form the "National Republican Associates" to try and dominate the party. It is just possible that he may succeed in renominating himself.

How did he get that way? God knows. Suffice it that practically every Republican outside of his tiny circle of former officeholders believes a Hoover renomination would be a party disaster. Even that little group is by no means unanimous; for instance the name of Edge of New Jersey, his ambassador to Paris, is conspicuously absent from Hurley's list; doubtless Edge believes that wet New Jersey would not have the Great Engineer back at any price. Reports from here and there agree that the country is almost as unanimously anti-Hoover as it was last November, more so if anything. People dislike his personality and appearance; they despise his boot-licking to the Drys; they laugh wearily but harshly when reminded of his salesman's prattle about the depression having passed its worst stage. Returning Old China hands have steadily spread the interesting story of his doings in that country. In 1920 no one would have believed that Wilson's record of treachery to close friends could be exceeded, and yet Hoover has accomplished that near-miracle; the political ghosts of Bill Donovan, Mabel Willebrandt, "Doc" Work, Colonel Mann, and Claudius Huston will long continue to haunt the Republican scene.

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One asset the Hoover group has: Ogden Mills. Unlike most politicians he inherited money, but in addition to his great fortune his father also handed on to him a good mind and the love of hard work. He is the sort of man who leaves no stone unturned in order to get whatever he goes after; one might say that he leaves no pebble unturned. Not gifted with a winning personality, he used to be described as cold, but he early learned to make a good speech, making up in personal force and knowledge of his subject for what he lacked in charm. It was a notable achievement at the Republican Convention of '32 when he alone of the defenders of the hybrid semi-wet plank was able to get a respectful hearing from the roaring Chicago galleries. No one who knows his long record as a thorough-going wet believed him to be in love with the wretched make-shift which he was defending; he praised it only as a compromise, but his downright sincerity impressed even his opponents. It was a personal triumph. Mills's experience in the Treasury Department makes him strong precisely where the Roosevelt Administration is weak, that is in public finance. Should Franklin inflate and should that inflation of the currency do the harm that such debasement has always done, God help the peanut politicians and second-rate professors on the Democratic side when Ogden Mills begins explaining to their victims how and why the value has been stolen from their savings bank accounts. If that happens he might win the non-Hoover group as well.

The non-Hoover group is important. For good or ill the Republicans have never been a one-man show like the Democrats; usually G. O. P. leadership has been a self-perpetuating affair. Today that leadership is weaker than usual; last fall's election removed from the Senate both Watson of Indiana and the frank and lovable Moses of New Hampshire. Another veteran, the Mormon Smoot of Utah whose astonishing memory enabled him to quote every tariff schedule letter perfect without a figure before him, removed himself by deliberate retirement. Dwight Morrow is dead. Reed of Pennsylvania is handicapped by having Pinchot as Governor of his State. McNary of Oregon is unknown outside the Senate Chamber. Nevertheless the non-Hoover group, the Republican organization men as distinguished from the "Federal crowd" of the last administration, have a first-rate man of proved ability in James W. Wadsworth.

Whereas Hoover progressed from a promoter of questionable mining companies to a dispenser of public charity and thence to his unhappy presidency, "Young Jim" Wadsworth began his political apprenticeship in the New York State Assembly twenty-eight years ago. In his second term he was elected Speaker, in which job he served four years and did one of the neatest bits of political organization ever seen in that experienced little city. From '14 to '27 he served two terms in the U. S. Senate, liked and respected by political friends and foes who agreed that he was one of the most useful members of that curious body.

What are his disadvantages? The writer knows of only three, of which the first has been well lived down: his vote to override Wilson's veto of the Volstead Act was a sufficient pretext for the Democratic posters denouncing him as a "fake wet" in his losing campaign of 1926, but that poison dried up long ago. His second drawback is that in Washington he concentrated on statesmanship and completely neglected the details of political management which had served him so well in Albany. The third disadvantage is personal to himself and his wife: there are dark rumors that during his twelve years as Senator no New York State Congressman except Ogden Mills and Hamilton Fish were ever asked to the Wadsworth house. Certainly the Wadsworths are not loved—to put it mildly—by the wives of many important New York State Republicans. Whenever the Senator happened to met these ladies he was his charming self, but by the time he met them again he had forgotten what they looked like and even that they existed; Mrs. Wadsworth seems never to have known that there were such people on earth.

How important will this feminine friction be in 1936? Just as in 1928 the Smiths were attacked for being socially below average American middle-class standards, so the charge of being exclusive and "high hat" might be aimed at the Wadsworths. Peanut politics? Yes. A serious matter? Perhaps, and perhaps not. The writer, for one, devoutly hopes not. Could some friend persuade the Wadsworths to change their social spots just a little within the next two years? It seems improbable. But perhaps people will be thinking more of issues than of social squabbles during the next campaign for President.

Franklin Roosevelt, Ogden Mills, Jim Wadsworth—is their combined importance a symptom of an aristocratic drift in American politics?

THE ANSWER

By John Hall Wheelock

Toward dawn I came awake hearing a crow
Perched on the roof-tree lift his guttural cry
Twice on the shaken air of morning. No
Caw, answering, made reply.
The wood shivered, a wind began to sigh
Among the boughs already growing bare,
As drowsily I waited—and once more
That raucous question shook the vacant air.

Silence settled back slowly, as before.
I turned to sleep. I heard half-waking there
His harsh vehement caw lifted again.
The frosty dawn was silent on the hill,
Silence over the listening wood—and then,
Faintly, from far away,
The answer came. Morning flowed into day.
All was still.

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AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps

A Spy Reveals His Past . . . Their England and Yankee Hilltops . . . Literary Ministers . . . The Best of the Thrillers . . . Slight Mathematical Correction . . . St. Paul an Investor?

HERE is a new and important addition to the increasing list of books written in English by those who have learned the language in mature years. Yes, it is a war book; but I hope that will not prevent any one from reading it, because it is filled with thrilling adventures and penetrating observation. It is called "Memoirs of a Spy," deals exclusively with happenings along the Eastern fronts, and is by Nicholas Snowden, whose native name is Miklós Soltész. He was born in a little Hungarian city that is now a part of Czechoslovakia. He grew up in the tower of Babel, so instead of laughing idiotically when he heard men talking in a strange language, as is the common way with children, he determined to learn that language. "As a boy I could not endure it to hear anybody speaking a foreign language that I could not understand." Thus at the age of eighteen, he spoke fluently Hungarian, Polish, Russian, Serbian, Bohemian, Ruthenian, Slovak, Croatian, German, French, and a little Rumanian and Yiddish. Later he learned English, Spanish, Italian. He was well equipped for spyhood, when he was graduated from the commercial high school in 1914.

So many books have been written on the Western front that it is peculiarly interesting to read this one which deals with the Russians and Hungarians and successive revolutions. To those who, like me, Przemysl was only an unpronounceable name of a place that in the war seemed to be taken and retaken, the account of Mr. Snowden's adventures in and near that city will make it as real as Chicago. In the course of his work, he was captured more than once, tortured, condemned to death, and for eight months was in prison. In 1923, he embarked for the Argentine, believing it was to be his permanent home. But he is now living in the United States.

While this book is not peace propaganda, or any kind of propaganda, it reveals the folly and horror of war. The pages have mainly straightforward narrative; only occasionally does he comment. But here is something worth remembering: "short as was the word war, it contained within its compass all the miseries and havoc which mankind can suffer."

Passing from tragedy to high comedy, I salute the author of a book which opens with a scene on the Western front and then has no more to do with war than I have. This hitherto-to-me-unknown writer is A. G. Macdonell and the name of the book is "England Their England"; with a preface to the American edition by Christopher Morley. It is a Scotsman's view of England and the English; it is a compound of satire, exaggeration, outrageous mirth, sympathy, poetic charm. It also has much of that irresistible nonsense that only the British know how to write. It always seems strange to an American that England, almost exactly the size of Michigan or North Carolina, can be such an object of curiosity and perplexity to the Scots. It is as if the people of Wisconsin were alien and enigmatic to the people of Michigan.

The chief glory of the English, although they don't know it, is their inconsistency. They have always preferred life to any theory about life. If they have any philosophy at all, it must be based on experience, and no apparently sound syllogism will stand if inconsistent with facts. They irritate formal and logical people, because they like to do things the way they have done them; and when an improvement in efficiency is pointed out, they are only politely interested, and plainly mean to do nothing about it. Now this is perhaps their greatest charm, because in an age of uniformity and conformity by compulsion, I love to see individuals doing as they choose; the home of lost causes is never the home of lost people.

"England Their England" is altogether too entertaining for a bed book; but it is perfection for reading aloud in congenial company. Although I am a whole-hearted American, the thirteenth chapter, with its incomparable English country scenery, country buildings, and country people, makes me poignantly homesick, homesick for the home of the founders and patriots of America.

The bewildered Scot who attempts to find a solution for the insoluble inconsistencies of the English character comes near the truth when he suddenly has revealed to him in a vision that the English people are fundamentally *poets*. For the fact is that from that small island and from those people so often regarded as stolid, so sensible as to be insensible, has come the most glorious romantic poetry the world has ever known.

Professor Frances Theresa Russell, of Stanford University, a Browning scholar, has prepared a charming anthology of verse from the two Brownings, called "Two Poets, a Dog, and a Boy." She contributes a narrative of their lives and comments on their poems; and the

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book gains in value by the illustrations drawn by Cary Odell; "the pictures alone make the book worth having." The play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," gave renewed life to the dog Flush, who has here a chapter all to himself. This is as good a book for children as can be found.

Another delightful book for children of eight and eighty, verses and pictures by G. K. Chesterton, is "Greybeards at Play," with the secondary title "Literature and Art for Old Gentlemen." First published in 1900, this is its author's earliest work, and has been for many years out of print. For restoring it, the publishers deserve our hearty thanks.

A book composed entirely of after-dinner funny stories, over 300 pages of them, is "The Table in a Roar," or "If You've Heard It, Try to Stop Me," compiled by James Ferguson, illustrated by Bateman and Belcher, with an introduction by E. V. Lucas, whose own selections there given are among the best. This book will be a godsend to after-dinner speakers, for although some of these yarns are shopworn, others are not, and we should devoutly remember what the late Mr. Depew said: "Thank God, there is always one man at every dinner who has never heard anything."

Richard Butler Glaenzer is a scholar, a bookman, a humorist and a wit. His latest book, "Spoofs," is a collection of fun in prose and a little in verse, from the "works" of about forty contemporary writers, and every page is a puncture of pretentiousness. Here is much fun for small cash. Among the contributors are Don Marquis, F. P. A., H. I. Phillips, George Chappell, Oliver Herford, Julian Street, Burton Rascoe, Fairfax Downey, and many more. The admirable illustrations are drawn by the editor.

"Shooting the Bull," by David Ellbey, the assumed name of the son of the most famous newspaper man in England, is the "lowdown" on newspaper work, day and night, in London and New York. For this young man, who learned his business in London, and is again active in that town, worked for some time on American dailies. Many readers of morning and evening newspapers wonder just how the news is assembled, the various parts of the vast journal put together, etc., etc. The author tells us with plenty of sprightly detail. He shows the seamy side of newspaper life, but he loves journalism with all his heart, and is proud to be a newspaper man. He writes in lively slang and with great gusto, telling many good stories. I think he must be mistaken, however, in his account of how he heard over an American radio the round-by-round report of a prize-fight, wherein the announcer used constantly every form of blasphemy and obscenity. I simply cannot believe this.

The distinguished and beloved retired Chancellor of New York University, Elmer E. Brown, was fortunately persuaded, in fact compelled, to assemble some of his essays and addresses in one compact volume called modestly "A Few Remarks." They are full of wit and wisdom, the result of inspiration and experience, valuable to all teachers and parents.

"The Better Part," by the Reverend Doctor Lyman P. Powell, contains many Good Thoughts in Bad Times. This is a plea for personal religion, by an Episcopal clergyman in New York, who is as broad-minded as he is devout. A high-hearted faith animates the work, which communicates itself to the reader. Those earnest but melancholy churchgoers, who believe, with Elijah, that when they die, God will not have a friend left, should read these pages, and take courage. *Sursum corda!*

Incomprehensible as the mental attitude of the mystic is to the man in the street, there will always be a number of men and women who live in spiritual daily communion with the unseen. I have just been reading a little book called "Splendor in the Night" which gives in simple and clear language an account of an experience of tremendous exaltation. There is a preface by the admirable Rufus M. Jones, and the volume is dedicated to the queen of the mystics, Evelyn Underhill.

"Flawed Blades," by the admirable Percival Christopher Wren, is composed of tales from the Foreign Legion. *Verbum Sap.* But its title is taken from a striking stanza by Wilfred Gibson, that Kipling must admire.

> The Sword outwears the Sheath—
> So end the God-loved lucky lives,
> The tragedy is when the flawed blade snaps,
> And yet the Sheath survives.

Speaking of poetry, I am very glad that Louis Untermeyer, the accomplished poet and anthologist, has placed together in one volume his critical anthologies "Modern American Poetry" and "Modern British Poetry." His biographical and critical notes are valuable. The book, not cumbersome, contains more than 1600 pages.

"On Yankee Hilltops," by Walter Prichard Eaton, who is at home equally in the garish artificial day of the theatre and in the natural woods of winter, is itself as good as a brief vacation. It has a beautiful frontispiece, white birches in the snow, by Edwin H. Lincoln. This book belongs to the literature of refreshment and also of healing.

The late Professor George H. Palmer's translation of Homer's "Odyssey" in rhythmic prose is now re-issued in a most attractive edition, with excellent full-page colored illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. A very good present for a boy or girl or for any one else.

"The Making of Note-Books," by Professor Charles B. Wright of Middlebury College, is full of wise and cheerful reflections on travel in Europe and Vermont and elsewhere. It has another purpose—to show younger pilgrims how notebooks of travel and reading should be made.

It is not often that I recommend a book dealing with high-power salesmanship; for it is not often that a book of that kind, however well adapted to its purpose, comes within the very wide range of this column. But here is a small volume, printed by one of the most artistic presses in America, which emphasizes the spiritual and psychological aspect of the art of making the relation between buyer and seller. Furthermore, there is much practical wisdom on life in general. I have never seen a book quite like this; and while it is to be recommended to all young men and women entering commercial life, I think that I am not the only one who will, wholly from a detached point of view, enjoy reading it. It is called (after the author's experience as a salesman) "Nine Out of Ten Say Yes" and is signed by the name Tee Eff.

An extremely useful book is "Music Masters in Miniature," by George C. Jell. In a volume of less than 300 pages, biographies of twenty-four great musical composers are given, beginning with Bach and closing with Stravinsky. The modest preface expresses the aim of the

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book; the author does not attempt to give the final word in criticism, but merely to supply in convenient form the information that many want and need. At the end is a list of the composers' works most frequently performed. The numerous illustrations by Frank R. Southard add to the attractiveness of an attractive book. It seems to me one of the miracles of human history, that music, the greatest of all the arts, should be so modern. If we had lived about two hundred years ago, we should have missed all the best music of the world. And how strange that with no premonitory dawn, the year 1685 saw within one month the birth of two babies, Handel and Bach!

The year 1933 has already seen a bumper crop of thrillers. Here are some of the best. First I salute a new author, a new detective, and a new publishing firm, all three of whom have collaborated in producing a splendid hair-raiser called "The Ravenelle Riddle." The author, E. Best Black, is an American who knows London better than most Englishmen; the metropolitan and country scenes are perfect. The new detective is a wizard. This the first book issued by the publishers, Loring and Mussey, should be the advance agent of their prosperity.

"The Prime Minister's Pencil," by Cecil Waye, is one of the most ingenious of murder tales; and is also steadily exciting. The accomplished Carolyn Wells has written her masterpiece of murder in a book called "The Broken O." "The Claverton Affair" by John Rhode shows how murder can be committed in such a manner as to defy chemical analysis. Without giving away the plot, I will merely remark that a depth bomb explodes in the stomach. "Harlequin of Death" by the famous S. Horler, shows how an English gentleman out of training can defeat a Chicago gangster in the pink. Very exciting. "Pascal's Mill," by Ben Ames Williams, is remarkable for its character-creation as well as for its mystery appeal. "American Gun Mystery," by Ellery Queen, though somewhat over-written, is ingeniously intricate.

It is a pity that Dornford Yates, who has written so many wildly exciting romances agreeably mixed with mirth, should have attempted to imitate "Alice in Wonderland," in his latest book, "The Stolen March." Up to the point where the mules begin to talk, this story is in his best manner. Then it becomes as tedious as it is impossible.

I am glad to see two men connected with the production of literature appointed as American ministers to foreign countries. The novelist and essayist Meredith Nicholson has been appointed Minister to Paraguay, and the publisher Lincoln MacVeagh Minister to Greece. Both will be very popular. Synchronously with the Greek appointment, it is pleasant to note that a new line of steamers will run directly between New York and Athens. Greece is now one of the countries where Americans can travel most cheaply; and travelling in the sublime interior of that land was never so comfortable as now. Furthermore, the amazing excavations under the direction of Professor Capps and Professor Shear of Princeton make an additional inducement for Americans to visit Greece.

Miss Alice A. Holt of Seattle, Wash., quite properly reminds me that when I gave a list of convenient dictionaries, I ought to have included "The Winston Simplified Dictionary," of which the "Encyclopedic Edition" she particularly recommends.

My statement that I am rereading all Dickens's novels in chronological order has called out several interesting letters and I am pleased to see others are engaged in the same delightful occupation. Owen B. McCarthy of Louisville, Ky., writes:

> To read the entire works of Dickens today, is a tour de force; yet, to reperuse them as you purpose, is something more; or, as our mutual friend, Mantalini, in "Nickleby," would say: "such a demd extraordinary out-of-the-way kind of thing as never was!" It is now six or seven years since I completed the 34 vol. "Gadshill Edition," published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, London, and by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, on our side of the pond. Thus it is as a comrade-in-arms that I beg to solicit your attention. . . . In your book "Advance of the English Novel" we learn that Dickens, more than any other English novelist, has had a decided influence on Russia. Sapristi! Doctor, I opine not only by his luminosity, but his *vo*-luminosity as well. (Apologies to Sheridan). There's nothing of an 18-day diet 'bout these Russian novels; however, since you esteem "Anna Karenina" (May number), I suppose I shall read same. Dickens, I think, is best read, when development of character and situation is kept in mind, in lieu of plot and story—for the greater part of all his stories. Mantalini's "My life is one demd horrid grind . . . gone to the demnition bow-wows," lingers in my recollection when that worthy's exploits have become nebulous. Inimitable characters! . . . you've given Dickens a "new deal." We'll brush up on our "Bleak House."

It interests me that Mr. McCarthy has the "Gadshill Edition" for that is the one I own and read; there is no better edition of Dickens anywhere.

I am glad also to observe in the P.S. to the letter that Mr. McCarthy joins the

FAERY QUEENE CLUB

He had two reasons—sheer admiration for Spenser and to answer in the negative Macaulay's famous criticism concerning the paucity of its readers.

Miss Antoinette Axene, of Kansas City, Mo., read the entire poem, beginning it on her seventeenth birthday and finishing it in four months.

> In my English literature work last year (my senior year in High School) I found that I seemed to enjoy some things that were nothing short of torture to some of my classmates—Spenser, for example. (You should have heard the chorus of artistically blended soprano and baritone groans that arose when our teacher assigned one canto) and Chaucer and Dryden and Pope. Most of our class hated Pope, but he is hilariously funny—in places. I am sorry to say that the tables were often turned, as I did not care for some . . . in which the others were very interested.

My query in the August issue as to where are to be found successors to Hardy, Conrad, Bennett, Moore, Galsworthy, kept Daniel J. Packer of Trenton, N. J., sleepless until he wrote me that the worthy successors are Somerset Maugham, Willa Cather, H. W. Freeman, David Garnett, and Ernest Hemingway. *De Gustibus*—Yet I am glad to see the name of H. W. Freeman.

FANO CLUB

Hugh Rose, Jr., Yale 1932, saw the Guardian Angel in Fano in June.

REVISED VERSIONS

I do not know why all the revised, and modern, and "American," and vernacular versions of the Bible regard it as an advantage to have the page set up in paragraphs rather than in verses. One of many reasons for preferring the Authorized Version is that it is printed in verses; infinitely better for reading aloud, and distinctly better for reading in solitude.

CHANGE IN RELIGIOUS EMPHASIS

The most profound, significant, and beneficial change in the emphasis on

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religious ideals is the change from *giving up* to *giving*.

OPTIMISM

The average cat spends more time purring than she does meowing.

STRANGE

It is strange that the best Prohibitionist and the best champagne should both be very dry.

THE NEW DEAL

It should be observed that the N.R.A. is breaking the ten commandments. *Six* days shalt thou labour.

ST. PAUL AN INVESTOR

The apostle must have felt the depression. See Acts XXVI: 29. "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

PUSHING THE PLATE

Why is it that in all the novels I read, whenever any one finishes a meal, he always pushes away the plate? I finish three meals every day, and never push away a plate.

BOOKS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are suitable for study and discussion by reading clubs

*"Memoirs of a Spy," by Nicholas Snowden. Scribners. $3.
*"England Their England," by A. G. Macdonell. Macmillan. $2.
*"A Few Remarks," by Elmer E. Brown. N. Y. Univ. Press. $2.
*"The Better Part," by L. P. Powell. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50.
"Flawed Blades," by P. C. Wren. Stokes. $2.
*"Modern American Poetry, Modern British Poetry," ed. Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace. $4.75.
*"On Yankee Hilltops," by W. P. Eaton. W. A. Wilde. $1.
"Two Poets, a Dog, and a Boy," by F. T. Russell. Lippincott. $2.
"Greybeards at Play," by G. K. Chesterton. Sheed & Ward, 63 5th Av., N. Y. $1.
"The Table in a Roar," by J. Ferguson. Dutton. $2.
"Spoofs," by R. B. Glaenzer. McBride. $2.
"The Ravenelle Riddle," by E. B. Black. Loring & Mussey. 248 E. 57th St., N. Y. $2.
"The Prime Minister's Pencil," by C. Waye. Kinsey. $2.
"The Broken O," by Carolyn Wells. Lippincott. $2.
"The Claverton Affair," by J. Rhode. Dodd Mead. $2.
"Harlequin of Death," by S. Horler. Little Brown. $2.
"Pascal's Mill," by B. A. Williams. Dutton. $2.
"The American Gun Mystery," by Ellery Queen. Stokes. $2.
"The Stolen March," by D. Yates. Minton Balch. $2.
"Shooting the Bull," by D. Ellbey. Grayson & Grayson. London. 10s 6d.
*"The Odyssey of Homer," tr. Palmer (illust.) Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
*"The Making of Note-Books," by C. B. Wright. Middlebury Press, Vt. 600 copies.
"Splendor in the Night," anon. Mosher Press, Portland, Maine. 500 copies.
"Nine Out of Ten Say Yes," by Tee Eff. New Haven: Moore & Drummond.
*"Complete Works of Dickens," Gadshill Edition. 34 vols. Scribners.
"Winston Simplified Dictionary." John C. Winston Co. $5 and $3.50.
*"Music Masters in Miniature," by George C. Jell. Scribners. $2.

LONELY DOLPHIN

By William Rose Benét

Sky and water like the inner glaze of a shell
Blending their nacres
Rippled in faint color, and on the undulant swell
Of the infinite acres
Of the ocean, ploughed by a gleam of the sun to gold,
A darkness curved in spray
Far from the haunt of its mates, and hurdled and rolled
In the gathering gray.

The rounded slippery back ink-black and sleek,
The flash of the underside
Glimmering white, the strange and flattened beak
Stabbing the immersing tide,
And like a lone far sail the dorsal fin
Slanting and furrowing far
Till the flippered tail again bade frolic begin
Under the Northern star;

Like an elemental and fantastic wish
In a world first made—
Acrobatic evolution of the dreams of fish—
Where no music played
The dolphin danced—as that elder sunset day
Saw quaint saraband begin
Round the dark Sicilian ship, and porpoise-play
Of ancestral kin.

But here no golden musician, death-surrounded
By mariner enemies,
Clutched his harp till over the ocean sounded
Such melodies
As still in darkness, obsequious to the moon,
It chants for underbreath;
For here no dolphins hung on Arion's tune
Ere he leaped to death

Yet cheated death when a dark fin bubbled across,
A slippery back upbore
His fainting body, and so at Taenaros
He waded ashore—
But now it seemed as ocean twilight increased
And the legend left the mind,
Here gambolled the last of all dolphins and the least
Far from its coast and kind,

Snorting in foam, and then in a limber arc
Gathering its back to lunge,
Scattering pale pearl and patterning the dark
With curving leap and plunge;
Creature of instinct, in mysterious mirth
Frolicking lonely and free,
With a gesture utterly alien to our earth
From the cold and ominous sea!

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Continued from page 279

wellian or Pauline drama out of "the commonplace reply of a passing teamster to a commonplace question." One day in 1871 he went for a horseback ride, and as he stopped to rest his horse on a rise overlooking San Francisco Bay—

"I asked a passing teamster, for want of something better to say, what land was worth there. He pointed to some cows grazing so far off that they looked like mice, and said, 'I don't know exactly, but there is a man over there who will sell some land for a thousand dollars an acre.' Like a flash it came over me that there was the reason of advancing poverty with advancing wealth. With the growth of population, land grows in value, and the men who work it must pay more for the privilege."

Yes, there it was. Why had wages suddenly shot up so high in California in 1849 that cooks in the restaurants of San Francisco got $500 a month? The reason now was simple and clear. It was because the placer mines were found on land that did not belong to anybody. Any one could go to them and work them without having to pay an owner for the privilege. If the lands had been owned by somebody, it would have been land-values instead of wages that would have so suddenly shot up.

Exactly this was what had taken place on these grazing lands overlooking San Francisco Bay. The Central Pacific meant to make its terminus at Oakland, the increased population would need the land around Oakland to settle on, and land values had jumped up to a thousand dollars an acre. Naturally, then, George reasoned, the more public improvements there were, the better the transportation facilities, the larger the population, the more industry and commerce—the more of everything that makes for "prosperity"—the more would land values tend to rise, and the more would wages and interest tend to fall.

George rode home thoughtful, translating the teamster's commonplace reply into the technical terms of economics. He reasoned that there are three factors in the production of wealth, and only three: natural resources, labor, and capital. When natural resources are unappropriated, obviously the whole yield of production is divided into wages, which go to labor, and interest, which goes to capital. But when they are appropriated, production has to carry a third charge—rent. Moreover, wages and interest, when there is no rent, are

regulated strictly by free competition; but rent is a monopoly-charge, and hence is always "all the traffic will bear."

Well, then, since natural, resource values are purely social in their origin, created by the community, should not rent go to the community rather than to the individual? Why tax industry and enterprise at all—why not just charge rent? There would be no need to interfere with the private ownership of natural resources. Let a man own all of them he can get his hands on, and make as much out of them as he may, untaxed; but let him pay the community their annual rental value, determined simply by what other people would be willing to pay for the use of the same holdings. George could see justification for wages and interest, on the ground of natural right; and for private ownership of natural resources, on the ground of public policy; but he could see none for the private appropriation of economic rent. In his view it was sheer theft. If he was right, then it also followed that as long as economic rent remains unconfiscated, the taxation of industry and enterprise is pure highwaymanry, especially tariff taxation, for this virtually delegates the government's taxing power to private persons.

George worked out these ideas in a tentative way in a forty-eight page pamphlet with the title, "Our Land and Land Policy, National and State," which did not reach many readers, but added something to his reputation as a tribune of the people. The subject mulled in his mind through five years of newspaper work, at the end of which he lost his paper and was once more on the ragged edge. He had begun a magazine article on the cause of industrial depressions, but was dissatisfied with it—one could do nothing with the topic in so little space. What was needed was a solid treatise which should recast the whole science of political economy.

He felt that he could write this treatise, but how were he and his family to live meanwhile? He had used his influence on the Democratic side in the last State campaign, and had been particularly instrumental in selecting the governor; so he wrote to Governor Irwin, asking him "to give me a place where there was little to do and something to get, so that I could devote myself to some important writing." The governor gave him the State inspectorship of gas meters, which was a moderately well-paid job, and a sinecure. This was in January, 1876; and in March, 1879, he finished the manuscript of a book entitled *Progress and Poverty; An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions, and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth; The Remedy.*

V

No one would publish the book, not so much because it was revolutionary (though one firm objected to it emphatically on that ground) but because it was a bad prospect. No work on political economy, aside from textbooks, had ever sold well enough either in the United States or England to make another one attractive. Besides, the unparalleled depression of the 'seventies was making all the publishing houses sail as close to the wind as they could run. Logically, a book on the cause of hard times ought to interest people just then, but book buyers do not buy by logic, and publishers are aware of it.

By hook or crook George and his friends got together enough money to make plates for an author's edition of five hundred copies; George himself set the first few sticks of type. At three dollars a copy he sold enough of these almost to clear the cost; and presently the firm of Appleton, who had rejected the manuscript, wrote him that if he would let them have his plates, they would bring out the book in a two-dollar edition; and this was done.

It fell as dead as Cæsar, not even getting a competent press notice in America for months. George sent some com-

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plimentary copies abroad, where it did rather better. Emile de Laveleye praised it highly in the *Revue Scientifique;* it was translated into German, and its reviews, as George said, were *"way* up." Some sort of sale began in March, 1880, with a brilliant review in *The New York Sun,* which was followed by more or less serious treatment in the Eastern press generally; but it amounted to almost nothing.

The truth about the subsequent meteoric success of *Progress and Poverty* as a publishing venture is that it was a purely adventitious success. The times were not only just right for such a book, but they stayed right for nearly twenty years. The course of popular interest played directly into its hand, not only in America, but in the whole English-speaking world. It is significant that in countries where the course of interest ran otherwise, as in France, for instance, it had no vogue. In the English-speaking world, its immense vogue was almost wholly that of an instrument of discontent, or in the vernacular of the book trade, a hell-raiser. Even so (to a person who has had any experience at all of the human race), the fact that a solid treatise like *Progress and Poverty* should have had an aggregate sale running well over two million copies is almost incredibly fantastic; yet that is what it had.

From first to last, the history of American civilization is a most depressing study; but that of the decade from which *Progress and Poverty* emerged is probably unmatched in the whole record, unless by the history of our own times. There is no need to dwell on it here; one feels utterly degraded at any reminder of it. George's book nicely caught the tide of turbulent reaction which brought in "the era of reform" under Cleveland in 1884, and ran fairly full throughout the 'nineties. George's death in 1897 marking the approximate point of its complete subsidence.

This tidal wave carried George himself as well as his book; he threw himself on its crest. He expected some good to come of the great general unrest, and he bent all his energies to the task of educating the awakened social forces and giving them what he believed to be a right direction. The temper of the times filled him with hope. A sincere republican, he was a second Jefferson in his naïve idealization of the common man's intelligence, disinterestedness, and potential loyalty to a great cause. Therefore hell-raising quite suited him; Peter the Hermit had raised hell, and Savonarola had seen no other way to get the common man properly stirred up. Before George was nominated for the mayoralty of New York in 1886, Tammany sent William M. Ivins to buy him off with the promise of a seat in Congress. Ivins told him he could never be mayor—and in fact there is little room for doubt that he was fraudulently counted out—and George asked why, if that were so, there could be any objection to his running. Ivins told him frankly that it was because his running would raise hell; and George replied with similar frankness that that was precisely what he wanted to do.

With this purpose in mind, George came to New York on the heels of his book, selling out what little he possessed in California. "My pleasant little home that I was *so* comfortable in is gone," he wrote sadly, "and I am afloat at forty-two, poorer than at twenty-one. I do not complain, but there is some bitterness in it." During his first year in New York, while his cherished book lay dead, he lived in obscurity, wretchedly poor; and then the time came when he could take advantage of something on which the eyes of the whole English-speaking world were fixed—the Irish rent-war.

VI

Ireland at that time was front-page news on every paper printed in the English language. Parnell and Dillon crossed the ocean, spoke in sixty-two American cities, addressed the House of Representatives, and took away a great fund of American dollars wherewith to fight

the battles of the rack-rented Irish tenant. They were followed by the best man in the movement, Michael Davitt, who came over late in 1880 to tend the fire that Parnell and Dillon had kindled. George met him and got him "under conviction," as the revivalists say, and then wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Irish Land Question; what it involves, and how alone it can be settled."

From that moment Henry George was, in the good sense of the term, a made man. The pamphlet was a masterpiece of polemics, a call to action, and a prophecy, all in one. Published simultaneously in America and England, it had an immense success. George was amazed at the space it got in the Eastern papers. "The astonishing thing," he wrote, "is the goodness of the comments. . . . I am getting famous, if I am not making money." It is hard to see how a man who had ever done a day's work on a newspaper could write in that unimaginative way. With Irish influence as strong as it was on the Eastern seaboard, and with every Irishman sitting up nights to curse the hated Sassenach landlords and their puppet government, how could the newspaper comments not be good? The Eastern papers simply knew which side their bread was buttered on.

A rabble of charmed and vociferous Irish closed around the simple-hearted pamphleteer, probably not troubling themselves much about his philosophy of the Irish land question, but nevertheless all for him. He was against the government and against the landlords, and that was enough. In this they were like the vast majority of readers who were led to peck at *Progress and Poverty* because they had heard that the book voiced their discontent; probably not five per cent of them read it through, or were able to understand what they did read, but they were all for it nevertheless, and all for glorifying Henry George. The American branch of the Land League immediately put George on the lecture platform, and when the Irish troubles culminated in the imprisonment of Davitt, Dillon, Parnell, and O'Kelly, an Irish newspaper published in New York sent him to the seat of war as a correspondent.

He reached Dublin, dogged by secret-service men, and gave a public lecture with such effect that his audience went fairly wild. He wrote a friend that he had "the hardest work possible" to keep the crowd from unharnessing his cab-horse and dragging his carriage through the streets to his hotel. His reports to *The Irish World* got wide distribution. When he crossed to England, interest opened many doors to him outside political circles, and curiosity open-

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ed many more. He dined with most of the lions of the period, Besant, Herbert Spencer, Tennyson, Justin McCarthy, Wallace, Browning, Chamberlain, John Bright, and made an excellent impression. He wrote his wife that he could easily have become a lion himself if he had liked, but he thought it best to keep clear of all that sort of thing.

He spoke in England, and addressed huge audiences in Scotland. Returning to Ireland, he got still wider publicity out of being locked up twice on suspicion. His notoriety was helped, too, by the humorous character of the proceedings before the examining magistrate, which reminded all England of Mr. Nupkins's examination of the Pickwickians. George took this occasion to write the President a blistering letter about the truckling imbecility of the American Minister, Lowell, and this not only gave him another line of publicity but also had a good practical effect. The Secretary of State sent out a circular letter prodding up the service, and asked George to file a claim for damages, which George refused to do, saying he was not interested in that, but only in seeing that the rights of American citizens in foreign lands were properly defended.

All this celebrity was a great lift for *Progress and Poverty*. The book suddenly became an international best seller. *The London Times* gave it a five-column review which made its fortune in all the British possessions; the review came out in the morning, and by afternoon the publishers had sold out every copy in stock. When a new edition was rushed out, one house in Melbourne ordered 1300 copies, and 300 were sent to New Zealand. George was invited everywhere, banqueted everywhere, asked to speak on all sorts of occasions, reported everywhere; and when he left the British Isles for home, he was perhaps the most widely talked-of man in either hemisphere.

He had intended to stay abroad three months, but remained a year. When he landed in New York he found himself, as he modestly said, "pretty near famous." At once the newspapers blew his horn, the labor unions got up a tremendous mass meeting for him, and, strange as it seems, some of the upper crust of Wall Street gave him a complimentary dinner at Delmonico's, with Justice van Brunt, Henry Ward Beecher, and Francis B. Thurber among the speakers. No one knows why they did this. Possibly it was a more or less perfunctory gesture toward an American who had made a name in England; possibly an inexpensive and non-committal move to please the influential

Irish; possibly a gesture of amity toward a man well on his way to becoming a dangerous enemy, but who might be led to see something on their side of social questions. Whatever prompted the occasion, it was a notable affair, and George rose to its measure with easy and affable dignity.

In a sense, this banquet marked the parting of the ways for George, though probably no one was aware of it at the moment, George least of all. A reformer has a choice of three courses. He can carry his doctrine direct to the people, and promote it by methods that are essentially political; he can convert people of power and influence, and promote it largely by indirection; or he can merely formulate it, hang it up in plain sight, and let it win its own way by free acceptance. The first is the course of the evangelist and missionaries; and to a firm believer in eighteenth-century political theory, like George, it is the only one possible—it is wholly republican, wholly in the American tradition. It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened if, for a while at least, he had followed up his one chance to get at the minds of those who really controlled the country's immediate future, or if he had taken the third or Socratic course; but he did neither. He was a stanch republican, committed to republican method.

For the next two years George lived before the populace, speaking and writing incessantly, and directing the development of his doctrine into a distinctly political character. At that time the press was much more an organ of opinion than it is now, much freer and more forceful, so that his writings were in demand. Even a popular publication like *Leslie's* asked him for a series on the problems of the time, while at the other end of the scale *The North American Review* made him a proposal to start a straight-out political and economic weekly under his editorship.

Yet though his method was that of the evangelist, he did not adopt the tactics of the demagog or the practical politician. He was probably the most effective public speaker of his time—*The London Times* thought he was fully the equal of Cobden or of Bright, if not a little better—but he never took advantage of an audience, or flattered the galleries, or left the smallest doubt of where he stood and what was in his mind. When, for example, somebody introduced him in a maudlin way to a working-class audience as "one who was always for the poor man," George began his speech by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not for the poor man. I am not for the rich man. I am for man."

In fact, it soon became apparent that his hell-raising was raising as much hell with his supporters and potential friends as with his enemies. Like Strafford of old, he was for "thorough," no matter whose head came off or whose toes smarted. All the Irish leaders, even Davitt, cooled off to the freezing point when they found that he was down on the Kilmainham treaty and dead against any compromise on the issues of the rent-war, or any watering down of the program of restoring one hundred per cent of Ireland's land to one hundred per cent of Ireland's people. The Socialists were not unfriendly at first, and some of George's followers thought a sort of working alliance with them might be vamped up for political effect, but when George attacked their doctrine of collectivism and stateism, they most naturally showed all their teeth. George held with Paine and Thomas Jefferson that government is at best a necessary evil, and the less of it the better. Hence the right thing was to decentralize it as far as possible, and reduce the functions and powers of the state to an absolute minimum, which, he said, the confiscation of rent would do automatically; whereas the collectivist proposal to confiscate and manage natural resources as a state enterprise would have precisely the opposite effect—it would tend to make the state everything and the individual nothing.

George was moreover the terror of the political routineer. When the Republicans suddenly raised the tariff is-

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sue in 1880 the Democratic committee asked him to go on the stump. They arranged a long list of engagements for him, but after he made one speech they begged him by telegraph not to make any more. The nub of his speech was that he had heard of high-tariff Democrats and revenue-tariff Democrats, but he was a no-tariff Democrat who wanted real free trade, and he was out for that or nothing; and naturally no good bi-partisan national committee could put up with such talk as that, especially from a man who really meant it.

Yet, on the other hand, when the official free-traders of the Atlantic seaboard, led by Sumner, Godkin, Beecher, Curtis, Lowell, and Hewitt, opened their arms to George, he refused to fall in. His free-trade speeches during Cleveland's second campaign were really devoted to showing by implication that they were a hollow lot, and that their idea of free trade was nothing more or less than a humbug. His speeches hurt Cleveland more than they helped him, and some of George's closest associates split with him at this point. In George's view, freedom of exchange would not benefit the masses of the people a particle unless it were correlated with freedom of production; if it would, how was it that the people of free-trade England, for example, were no better off than the people of protectionist Germany? None of the official free-traders could answer that question, of course, for there was no answer. George had already developed his full doctrine of trade in a book, published in 1886, called *Protection or Free Trade*—a book which, incidentally, gives a reader the best possible introduction to *Progress and Poverty*.

He laid down the law to organized labor in the same style, showing that there was no such thing as a labor-problem, but only a monopoly-problem, and that when natural-resource monopoly disappeared, every question of wages, hours, and conditions of labor would automatically disappear with it. The political liberal got the hardest treatment of all. George seems to have regarded him as the greatest obstruction to social progress—an unsavory compound, half knave, half fool, and flavored odiously with "unctuous rectitude." When John Bright, the Moses of liberalism, followed George on the rostrum at Birmingham, calling his proposals "the greatest, the wildest, the most remarkable . . . imported lately by an American inventor," all George could find to say was (in a private letter) that "the old man is utterly ignorant of what he is talking about"—which was strictly true; and of Frederic Harrison's lectures at Edinburgh and Newcastle he said only that "his is the very craziness of opposition, if I can judge by the reports."

VII

Thus intellectually he was out with every organized force in the whole area of discontent; out with the Socialists, out with the professional Irish, the professional laborites, professional progressivism, liberalism, and mugwumpery. His sympathies and affections however were always with the rank and file of revolt against the existing economic order; his heart was with all the disaffected, though his mind might not be entirely with them. This being so, the two years following his first visit to England fastened upon him the stigma of a mere proletarian class-leader whose principles and intentions were purely predatory. As Abram S. Hewitt most unscrupulously put it, his purpose was no more than "to array working men against millionaires."

Then at the end of these two years there happened the one thing needful to copper-rivet this reputation and make it permanent. When the labor unions of New York City decided to enter the mayoralty campaign of 1886, they looked to George as the best vote-getter in sight, and gave him their nomination. With this, whatever credit he may have had in America as an economist and philosopher vanished forever, leaving him only the uncertain and momentary prestige of a political demagog, an agitator, and a crank.

George had misgivings, not of defeat but of discredit in his rôle of candidate, but they came too late. The course he had chosen years before led straight to the quicksand of practical politics, and now his feet were in it. He temporized with the nomination, demanding a petition signed by thirty thousand citizens pledged to vote for him, which was immediately forthcoming—and there he was!

The campaign was uncommonly bitter. The other candidates were Hewitt and Theodore Roosevelt, and their methods bore hard on George in ways that Hewitt, at any rate, must somewhat have gagged at, for he was a man of breeding—still, he lent himself to them. It was easy to vilify George, because the allegation that he was a sheer proletarian leader was true enough, as far as this campaign went; he was, officially and by nomination, a labor candidate. Some among his supporters, of course, understood his ideas and purposes and believed in them, but these were relatively few; the majority were mere Adullamites. Hewitt won the election nominally—in all reasonable likelihood he was counted in—but George's vote was so large that *The New York Times* saw in it "an event demanding the most serious attention and study"; while *The St. James Gazette*, of London, in a strong grandmotherly vein, advised "all respectable Americans to forget the trumpery of party fights and political differentism, and face the new danger threatening the commonwealth."

As far as George was concerned, there was no need of this warning, for his day in politics was done. This one campaign was the end of him. He was no longer a man to be feared or even reckoned with. To those on the inside of practical politics, he was henceforth hopelessly in the discard as the worst of all liabilities, a defeated candidate. To America at large, he was only another in the innumerable array of bogus prophets and busted spellbinders. Then, too, the temper of the times changed. Disaffection broke up into sects, and popular attention was soon addled by a kaleidoscopic succession of men and issues cleverly manipulated on the public stage—Cleveland and "reform," Hanna and the full dinner-pail, Peffer and populism, McKinley and imperialism, Bryan and free silver, Roosevelt and progressivism; foreign embarrassments, jingoism, the Spanish War, Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, Mrs. Eddy, Carry Nation, Jerry Simpson, La Follette and the Wisconsin idea, organized charity, "foundations" for this-or-that, the rise of the hire learning, woman's suffrage, the Anti-Saloon League, "commission

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government" for cities, the initiative and referendum—was ever such a welter of nostrums and nostrum-peddlers turned loose anywhere on earth in the same length of time? No wonder that Mr. Jefferson, mournfully surveying America's prospects, said, "What a Bedlamite is man!" Before a year was over, George had dropped into a historical place amidst all this ruck, from which he has never emerged, as just one more exploded demagog. He ran for a state office in 1887, but got little more than half the votes in New York City, his stronghold, that he had got in the mayoralty campaign only a year before.

The last ten years of his life were devoted largely to a weekly paper, *The Standard,* in which he continued to press his economic doctrine, but it amounted to very little. He revisited England, where he found his former popularity still holding good. He also made a trip around the world, and was received magnificently in his former home, California, and in the British colonies. His main work during this period, however, was writing his *Science of Political Economy,* which his death interrupted; fortunately not until it was so nearly finished that the rest of his design for it could be easily filled in.

In this period, too, his circumstances, for the first time in his life, were fairly easy. He had received some small gifts and legacies, and latterly a couple of well-to-do friends saw to it that he should finish his work without anxiety. It is an interesting fact that George stands alone in American history as a writer whose books sold by the million, and as an orator whose speech attracted thousands, yet who never made a dollar out of either.

His death had a setting of great drama or of great pathos, according to the view that one chooses to take of it. The municipal monstrosity called the Greater New York was put together in the late 'nineties, and some of George's friends and associates, still incorrigibly politically minded, urged on him the forlorn hope of running as an independent candidate for the mayoralty in 1897. Seth Low, then president of Columbia University, and Robert van Wyck, who was the impregnable Tammany's candidate, were in the field—the outcome was clear—yet George acceded. It is incredible that he could have had the faintest hope of winning; most probably he thought it would be one more chance, almost certainly his last, to bear testimony before the people of his adopted city with the living voice.

He had had a touch of aphasia in 1890, revealing a weakness of the blood vessels in his brain, and his condition

now was such that every physician he consulted told him he could not possibly stand the strain of a campaign; and so it proved. He opened his campaign at a rapid pace, speaking at one or more meetings every night, nearly always with all his old clearness and force. Three weeks before election he spoke at four meetings in one evening, and went to bed at the Union Square Hotel, much exhausted. Early next morning his wife awoke to find him in an adjoining room, standing in the attitude of an orator, his hand on the back of a chair, his head erect and his eyes open. He repeated the one word "yes" many times, with varying inflections, but on becoming silent he never spoke again. Mrs. George put her arm about him, led him back to his bed with some difficulty, and there he died.

VIII

Progress and Poverty is the first and only thorough, complete, scientific inquiry ever made into the fundamental cause of industrial depressions and involuntary poverty. The ablest minds of the century attacked and condemned it—Professor Huxley, the Duke of Argyll, Goldwin Smith, Leo XIII, Frederic Harrison, John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain. Nevertheless, in a preface to the definitive edition, George said what very few authors of a technical work have ever been able to say, that he had not met with a single criticism or objection that was not fully anticipated and answered in the book itself. For years he debated its basic positions with any one who cared to try, and was never worsted.

Yet, curiously, though there have been a number of industrial depressions since George's death in 1897, some of them very severe, the book has been so completely obscured by the reputation which George's propagandist enterprises fastened on him, that one would not know it had been written. In the whole course of the recent depression, for instance, no utterance of any man at all prominent in our public life, with one exception, would show that he had ever heard of it. The president of Columbia University resurrected George in a commencement address two years ago, and praised him warmly, but from what he said he seems not to have read him.

It is interesting, too, now that successive depressions are bearing harder and harder on the capitalist, precisely as George predicted, to observe that George and his associate anti-monopolists of forty years ago are turning out to be the best friends that the capitalist ever had. Standing stanchly for the rights of capital, as against collectivist proposals to confiscate interest as well as rent, George formulated a defense of those rights that is irrefragable. All those who have tried to bite that file have merely broken their teeth. There is a certain irony in the fact that the class which has now begun to suffer acutely from the recurring prostrations of industry and the ever-growing cost of stateism, is the very one which assailed George most furiously as an "apostle of anarchy and revolution." Yet the rapid progress of collectivism and stateism could have been foreseen; there was every sign of it, and the capitalist class should have been the one to heed those signs devoutly and interpret them intelligently. Bismarck saw what was coming, and even Herbert Spencer predicted terrible times ahead for England, and still more terrible times for America—a long run of stateism and collectivism, then "civil war, immense bloodshed, ending in a military despotism of the severest type."

IX

Like John Bright, nearly every one credited the "American inventor" with a brand-new discovery in his idea of confiscating economic rent. George did in fact come by the idea independently, but others whom he had never heard of came by it long before him. Precisely the same proposal had been made in the eighteenth century by men whom

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Mr. Bright might have thought twice about snubbing—the French school known as the Economists, which included Quesnay, Turgôt, du Pont de Nemours, Mirabeau, le Trosne, Gournay. They even used the term *l'impôt unique,* "the single tax," which George's American disciples arrived at independently, and which George accepted. The idea of confiscating rent also occurred to Patrick Edward Dove at almost the same time that it occurred to George. It had been broached in England almost a century earlier by Thomas Spence, and again in Scotland by William Ogilvie, a professor at Aberdeen. George's doctrine of the confiscation of social values was also explicitly anticipated by Thomas Paine, in his pamphlet called *Agrarian Justice.*

George's especial merit is not that of original discovery, though his discovery was original—as much so as those of Darwin and Wallace. It was simply not new; Turgôt had even set forth the principle on which George formulated the law of wages, though George did not know that any one had done so. George's great merit is that of having worked out his discovery to its full logical length in a complete system, which none of his predecessors did; not only establishing fundamental economics as a true science, but also discerning and clearly marking out its natural relations with history, politics, and ethics.

The key to an understanding of George's career may be found in the story that Lincoln Steffens tells about an afternoon ride with the devil on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. The devil was in uncommonly good spirits that day, and entertained Steffens with a fine salty line of reminiscences half way up the avenue, when Steffens suddenly caught sight of a man on the sidewalk who was carefully carrying a small parcel of truth. Steffens nudged the devil, who gave the man a casual glance, but kept on talking, apparently not interested. When Steffens could get a word in, he said, "See here, didn't you notice that that man back there had got hold of a little bit of truth?"

"Yes, of course I noticed it," replied the devil. "Why?"

"But surely that's a very dangerous thing," Steffens said. "Aren't you going to do something about it?"

"No hurry, my dear fellow," the devil answered indulgently. "It's a simple matter. I'll be running across him again one of these days, and I'll get him to organize it!"

It is impossible, of course, to guess what George's historical position would now be if he had had less of the Covenanter spirit and more of the experienced and penetrating humor of a Socrates, with a corresponding distrust of republican method in the propagation of doctrine. The question is an idle one, yet to a student of civilization the great interest of George's career is that at every step he makes one ask it. Perhaps in any case the Gadarene rout would have trampled him to the same depth of obscurity. Probably—almost certainly—his doctrine would have been picked up and wrested to the same service of a sectarian class-politics that would have left it unrecognizable. Experience, humor, and reason go for very little when they collide with what Ernest Renan so finely called *la matérialisme vulgaire, la bassesse de l'homme interessé.* Yet one can hardly doubt that George would emerge from obscurity sooner, and his doctrine stand in a clearer and more favorable light if he had taken another course.

Much more important, however, is the question whether George's faith in the common man's collective judgment was justified; whether such faith is ever justified. Does the common man possess the force of intellect to apprehend the processes of reason correctly, or the force of character to follow them disinterestedly? The whole future of eighteenth-century political doctrine, the doctrine on which our republic was nominally established, hangs on this question—the question, in short, whether republicanism has not put a burden on the common man which is greater than he can bear.

George never had a moment's doubt of the answer. Yet, seeing what sort of political leadership the common man invariably chose to follow, and the kind of issue that invariably attracted him, he ended the argument of *Progress and Poverty* with a clear warning, too long to be quoted here, against the wholesale corruption of the common man by the government which the common man himself sets up. It is well worth reading now, whether one finds the root of this corruption in the common man's weakness of mind and character, or whether one finds it, as George did, in the unequal distribution of wealth. Whatever one may think about that, there is no possible doubt that George's warning has the interest of absolutely accurate prophecy.

It is rather remarkable, finally, since the reading public's whim for biography has set writers to pawing over so many American worthies, that no one has written a competent full-length biography of Henry George, who was not only one of America's very greatest men, but also was in so many respects typically American, and whose spectacular career was also so typical. His disabilities were precisely those of the civilization that produced him, and his life was sacrificed on the altar of those disabilities, precisely where the life of that civilization is being sacrificed. What more by way of interest could an able and honest biographer ask?

Still to come in this series of SCRIBNER'S *biographies of men who have influenced the modern world are: Thorstein Veblen, by Ernest Sutherland Bates; Admiral Mahan, the Father of Sea Power, by Louis M. Hacker; The Genial Lenin, by William C. White; Thomas Paine, by V. F. Calverton; Godkin of the Post, by Henry F. Pringle.*

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